















I SHOULD  
SAY SO



J A M E S  
MONTGOMERY  
F L A G G



# I SHOULD SAY SO

JAMES  
MONTGOMERY  
FLAGG  
"



NEW YORK  
GEORGE H. DORAN COMPANY



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1914

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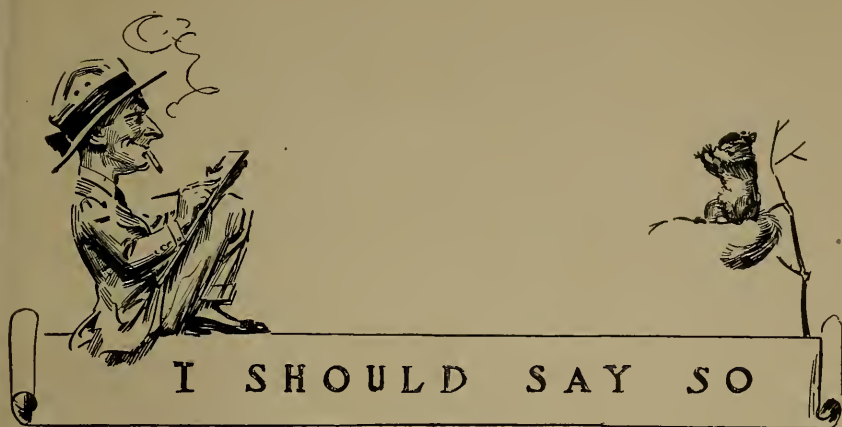
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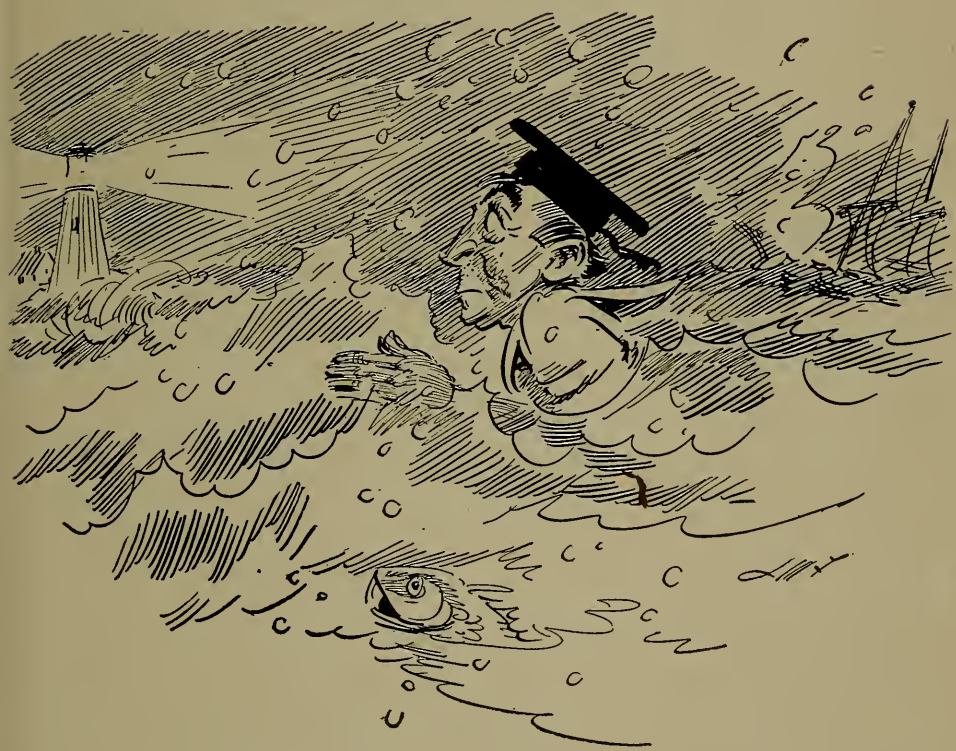
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*I Should Say So!*

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*FURTHER DOWN EAST*

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### *Publishers' Note*

THE rugged coast of New England is the setting for this gripping tale. Here we have the lives of those rugged, simple, yet coastwise folk laid before us with all the fine distinctness of the cameo, with that fidelity to sickening detail, that sympathetic insight into the hearts of a rugged people, that poetic feeling for Nature in her more tempestuous moods that have brought Flagg to his present pinnacle as a novelist. The salt spume that is lashed to a custard is brought to your very nose! The curious, discordant, yet haunting cry of the rugged horseshoe crab as it flies, deathward, toward the powerful lens of the lighthouse—the kindly humor and the quaint tribal customs of a once dominant race whose rugged—Read it, it is unbelievable but convincing.

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## *I Should Say So!*

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### *Further Down East*

“**G**OD pity people at Palm Beach on a night like this!”

Cap'n Littlefield put this over at supper on Christmas Eve, Dec. 24th, at his residence on the extreme edge of the coast of Massachusetts, near New England. His dotter continued eatin' her fried sword-fish slab unmoved. Not so his wife. She upset a whole chunk of blueberry cake down her throat the wrong way (just like a woman!) and burst into unmanly tears.

“What's smatter, Mother?” The Cap'n set daown his cup of “shells” and looked anxiously over his owl glasses at her.

Mother wiped her eyes on the red and white tablecloth.

“Narthin', Nathan, cep'n it kinder made me think of our boy!”

“There, there, Mother! Don't cry; he'll



be here yit—he promised he'd be here on Christmas Day—and, by Godfrey, ef he said he would, narthin' ain't a-goin' ter stop him!"

"Why *would* he go to sea!" she moaned.

"Wal," he said, "'twas on accaount of his bein' scared of ottermobiles! Jes listen to that pesky wind!"

It was really terrific. The icy wind belascoed around the clapboards, reaching into the house with its frozen tenacles like some Boreal octopus.

The house rocked like a laundry hamper in the blast, and the snow drifted in through the chimbley and under the doors. It was sump'n awful!

There probably never was such a storm in the history of Massachusetts as this here one. Above the roar of the wind could be heard the poor freezing clams as they dragged themselves, with chattering shells, out of the icy breakers. The whistling-buoy seemed to whistle "Gee-e-e! This is unprecedented!" There were icicles hanging from every breaker as it broke on the breakwater.

"Come, look, Fahther!" Cap'n Littlefield's dotter, Elmiry, had left some packages she was tying up with scarlet ribbon and had breathed away a space on the frosted pane. "See, the gale hez blowed your dory clean up onter the roof of the meetin' haouse!"

And it was so. Cap'n Littlefield seen it, b'gum, with his own eyes.

He shuk his weather-beaten head and went back to the tabil with the readin' lamp onto it and buried himself once more in his copy of "The Common Law." The Cap'n was a notary-public, and hed ben in the legislater. Might go into it agin ef he felt like it. He would, b'gosh, unless lobsterin' got better.

Lobsterin' warn't what it was. Everythin' was goin' to the dog-fish. Tenny-rate 'twouldn't do a mightier harm to keep up his readin'.

The Cap'n hed also ben a whaler. One reason his son left hum—(Don't care for that? Oh, well, turn over and read the ads.)

Elmiry went back to her Christmas bun-

dils. Mrs. Littlefield was puttin' away the supper dishes under the sofa and tidyin' up generally.

Suddenly above the roar of the storm they heard a faint call. It was from the beach.

"Listen! What was that?" Mrs. Littlefield dropped the castors with a crash on the floor. The Cap'n closed his book reluctantly and looked up at his wife.

"Gol-swamp all salt-hake!" he cried, "somebuddy's callin' on the beach!"

He sprang from his patent rocker and grabbed his golf cap. "Come, Mother! Bring the lantern—come!"

"Mother! Fahther! Don't go out on a night like this—" Elmiry begged on her knees.

"Hush, child!" said her mother. "We must go; someone's in need! It might be our . . ."

The word was swallowed up in the avalanche of snow that fell smotheringly in as the door was opened, and the Cap'n and his wife rushed out into the storm, blindly toward the sea. (Ocean.)



"MOTHER! FAHTHER! DON'T GO OUT  
ON A NIGHT LIKE THIS"





Now, Rough Reader, we will leave these good folks making their way in the teeth of the storm to the cry of distress, and gaze upon another scene, even more thrillin'. It was night, at sea, and the waves were runnin' mountains high. On the wave-washed deck of the barkentine "Salena P. Peabody," of Provincetown, Mass., lashed to the lee-cuspidors, was a young sailor. This young man's name was Lem Littlefield. He had been gone from hum eleven months. He had been shipwrecked hundreds of times, shanghaied, and marooned on dessit islands, and while it would not be strictly true to say he had been eaten by cannibals, he had nevertheless been chewed by them. He'd had a pretty dark brown time of it, by and large. He was the only living thing on that vessel, barring a feeble old rat that couldn't jump overboard on account of sciaticy. The masts had been blown plumb out of their sockets. The rudder was unshipped and was only hanging by a thread. The water in the hold was rising rapidly and the life boats were all on fire. The ship, except for

these things and a terrible list to port, was in first-rate condition. But Littlefield was annoyed. In the first place he was annoyed because he had not eaten food for thirteen days. He was annoyed because the ship was heading for a sunken reef—he knew this by some sixth sense of the seafaring man—he was annoyed because it was snowing. Every little thing annoyed Littlefield.

“Breakers ahead!”

The cry would have rung through the ship if there had been anyone to ring it. But the man who was supposed to do that sort of work had been washed overboard the day before. He didn't have such a fine voice, anyway.

There came an ominous lull in the roar of the storm.

Branketybung-slam-scrunch—! The “Salena P. Peabody” hit the reef!

It ripped the tar-wadding out of her. Littlefield was frightfully annoyed at this. He found himself in swimming. He was quite weak and would gladly have given up, but his New England conscience kept

him afloat and he feebly made his way, a quarter of an inch at a time, toward a light that he dimly saw over the tops of the waves. He had promised to be hum on Christmas and always kept his word. But, Lord, he was only human after all, even though he did hail from New England! He couldn't hold out for many more strokes—the water was freezing his heart—his breath was coming in little sailor pants—the light ahead was gone—gone . . .

“Hold the lantern high, Mother!”

Cap'n Littlefield waded waist high into the icy breakers, while his wife, holdin' the lantern above her head in the whirlin' snow, cackled words of encouragement to him, through the frozen folds of her tippet.

“I've got him. Set daown the light, Mother, and lend a hand—”

The two dear old people dragged the lifeless figure of a sopping man up out of the reach of the billows.

“Somehaow, Fahther—” Mrs. Littlefield

puffed, as they carried their limp burden up onto the eel grass, "it kinder seems 'propriate to be savin' a human critter on Christmas Eve! Pore boy!" She held the lantern near the man's face.

"It's our boy, Fahther, it's our Lem! Look!"

"Ye can't be sure jest from the face, Mother. Strawberry marks are the only sartin things. Hez he got any?"

"Don't be foolishern ye can help, Fahther—it's our Lem, come back from the grave—on Christmas Eve—carry him up to the house, quick!"

The dear old folks carried their son, still unconscious, staggeringly to the house and laid him gently before the Franklin stove.

"Quick, the birch-beer, Elmiry! It's Lem—come back to us—" Elmiry leapt. They plied the frozen and half-drowned lad with the life-giving liquor and wrapped him in hot blankets, and slapped his numbed hands and feet and wept with joy over him.

The fuss that was made over the Prodi-

gal Son was a snub alongside of the rum-pus those coastwise folk made about Lem!

At last their ministrations were rewarded and the lad opened his big blue eyes and smiled feebly in recognition. The storm could storm, and be gosh-darned! Then they fed him Election Cake, and Marble Cake, and doughnuts and raspberry sherbit and fried Puddin' and scrod and fish balls and appile tunnovers.

And he lay back in his mother's old arms and smiled back at them all, as yet he was too weak to say anything. They knew that when the birch-beer began to get in its effects he would chirk up an' talk to them.

He lay there and blinked and looked happily around at the old familiar conch-shells and dried starfish on the whatnot, at the crayon portrit of his idiot brother who had voted for Bryan twice, at the old merlodeon that Elmiry used to play "Row, Row, Row" on, at the collection of Royal Worcester vases his mother had gotten with the tea—all the old things brought glad tears to his eyes. He was

Hum! Goshtermighty, it was good! He sighed with contentment.

"Wal, Lem," said the Cap'n, strokin' his boy's hair with his great rough hand, and smilin' with affection too deep for mere words, "not figgerin' in this shipwreck, haow's life ben treatin' ye? Did ye make any money on your trip around the world?"

Lem smiled and shuk his head.

"Hmm—didn't, hey—hmmm!" The Cap'n scratched his head. "Ye knew this was Christmas, didn't ye, Lem?"

Lem smiled and nodded his head. The Cap'n pursed his old lips and looked up at the ceilin'. Silence for a full minute. The Cap'n slowly withdrew his horny old hand from his son's fair head.

"I s'pose ye brought your mother and Elmiry and me some remembrance—Christmas presents?"

Lem smiled and shuk his head.

The Cap'n's steely blue eyes seemed to harden as he looked sternly at the lad. "Ye knew this was Christmas, and you didn't bring me and your mother and Elmiry no presents?"





—, AND THREW HIM BACK INTO THE SEA





Lem smiled again and shuk his head gently.

The old Cap'n rose painfully from his chair. So did Mrs. Littlefield. So did Elmiry. No one spoke. The old patriarch motioned with his grizzled head towards the lad's feet, and Mrs. Littlefield, understanding, mutely lifted one in each hand. Lem looked up at his stern old father with questioning eyes as the old man grasped him under the arm-pits. Still no word was said. The Cap'n looked at his dotter and motioned again with his wonderful old silver-crowned bean. Elmiry opened the front door and the snow rushed in. The old people carried their son out into the storm and made their way against the suffocating gale. What if their fingers were frozen? What if they did catch double pneumonia? That sweet old New England sense of justice warmed their hearts!

They carried him out to the end of the jetty, never faltering, and threw him back into the sea!



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*I Should Say So!*

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*THE DINNER PARTY*

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# *I Should Say So!*

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## *The Dinner Party*

“**I**’M AFRAID we are a little early!”  
Your wife throws this remark out lightly as, on entering your hostess’ apartment she sees no one in the drawing-room.

No answer.

She follows the guiding maid to the ladies’ cloak-room. “No, gentlemen’s room at the end of the hall, please!”

“Oh!”

While Polly, your wife, is trying to kill time in two ways, with pink powder before the mirror, you in the men’s room are also stabbing eternity by peering without interest at various photos of unknown people that adorn the chiffonier and walls, and mildly wondering who the devil “Fondly Theodora” was.

Then you think you can trace a re-

semblance to your nost in the man on the end in the yellowed photo of the Princeton Glee Club of '89. You have now reached the door and see Polly standing in her doorway.

"What time is it, Paul?"

"Twenty to eight. Gee! We're always the first at every dinner-party we go to—"

"And we didn't go right down to the car when it was announced just for that reason. You know how we sat stiff and bundled up in our drawing-room. Next time let's be late, really!"

"We always say that, too; why do people say 7:30 if they don't mean it—"

"Sh! There comes some one else!"

You step back into the room, and another gentleman says "Oh!" as the maid steers him to the right room. You and the next comer eye each other, start to speak, think better of it, and cough; then, with hands clasped behind you, you begin to examine the photos and match-trays again with a remarkable appearance of sincere interest. The other man starts at the other side of the room, doing the same



"HAVE YOU MET MRS. LA DEEDDAH?"





thing; you come together with a bump. Great surprise!

"I beg pardon!"

"I beg yours! Quite chilly, isn't it?"

"Yes, indeed; it's getting colder."

These banalities unite you two in a common hostility toward the next man who enters and deposits his hat and coat on the bed.

Although all three are strangers, the relative position for the moment is that you and No. 2 are old college chums, and No. 3 is a rank outsider—probably studied bookkeeping by correspondence.

The relations are miraculously changed the next instant by the entrance of No. 4, who greets No. 2 warmly—"how's the boy?" etc. This puts you in the rank outsider class again, with a slight affection for No. 3.

"Let's go in, eh?" says No. 2 to No. 4.

All four step on each other's toes. "After you"; "No, after you"; fatuous waving of palms and mock-serious bows; exit. And enter drawing-room, where you can immediately distinguish the hostess by her

hysterically hospitable manner. There are several women with her. One of them slyly drops a lighted cigarette into the fireplace.

Introductions. Hostess presents you to a dog-collar and a rope of you-can't-tell-'em-from-the-real-thing-pearls.

"Have you met Mrs. La Deeddah, Mr. Punctual?—Mr. Paul Pantoum Punctual, the poet."

"I haven't had the pleasure, although I have been presented to her seven or nine times this winter!"

Mrs. La Deeddah gives you an "Iron Maiden" look, as much as to say, "I got-cher, Steve, and I'd like to hand you one if I wasn't such a little queen!"

"Mrs. Soulful, I want you to meet Mrs. Punctual, the wife of Paul Pantoum Punctual, the poet." "Howdydo?" gurgles the dame with no eyelashes who has been told by some social Angora she looks like the Mona Lisa. She has played the role ever since, smiling mysteriously, as if she had swallowed a safety-pin, but was reassuring herself that it was closed.

"Do you write, too?"

"Yes," smiles our wife,—*"I write laundry-lists on Monday morning and market-lists every day!"*

Thereby is Moany Liz set back eight spaces on the parchesi-board.

Cigarettes are offered.

"Oh, I was croaking for one!" sighs a delighted young cigarette fiend in a Lucile gown. "May I?" "Indeed you may—this is Libertine Hall!" laughs the host. He gets that off at every dinner party. "Oh, aren't you terrible!" approves a blue-eyed lady with an unterrified bosom.

A maid catches the wild and nervous eye of Hostess. Whispered conference. Then Hostess announces, "We won't wait another minute for Bert and Carrie Nabor. We've given them twenty minutes' grace. Shall we go in? Probably the dinner is spoiled as it is!"

The bell rings, and Bert and Carrie arrive breathless.

"So sorry! Couldn't help it."

"Do they live out of town?" you whisper to Hostess.

"Out of town, nothing! They live right on this block—eleven doors down!"

"Isn't it the limit?"

You sententiously remark that those who come from New Rochelle in Arctic hip-boots always arrive at a party before the Hostess' last hook has joined her last eye in holy wedlock—before the Host has taken the brown-paper patch off the safety-razor cut on his chin!

"Say too zhoor come sar," laughs Hostess, absent-mindedly helping herself so generously to the caviar that three people at the other end of the table have to divide six sturgeons' eggs between them.

You are an observing man, so you notice that one of the serving-maids is extremely efficient, and has that indefinable air of having been in the family for years. It is hard to say just what gives that impression, but you can always tell. It must be a joy to have a good servant for years—even for months. There is something about this maid—

Your Hostess smiles at you, and whispers: "You remember Selma—I saw you



"THOSE WHO COME FROM NEW ROCHELLE"



looking at her. Polly gave me her telephone number!"

At every dinner party you go to during the winter Selma waits upon you with that same unmistakable air of having been in the family. It gets so, it is with difficulty that you remember exactly where you are.

Conversation at a dinner party is necessarily, under the conditions, an awful thing, the rule being that a pause on the part of any one of the contestants is a social lapse, and not to be tolerated. The cold-storage snicker and the tinned chuckle are in constant demand.

If everybody by the laws of chance happens to be silent simultaneously (such dreadful lacunæ do occur even at the most carefully cocktailed and subsequently alcoholized dinners), then your party loses and the dinner-party next door wins.

Here are a few remarks that are being used this century:

"Yes, you begin at the outside and work toward your plate; that brings you out right."

"I had such a time separating husbands

and wives—I guess you can stand sitting next to Walter for one evening, can't you? That was all because George didn't show up!"

"Did you hear Charlie Towne's latest?"

"I go to the theater to be amused. There's enough tragedy in real life."

"She lost eighty pounds in a week, but she looks like a hag now!"

In magazine stories it is always "at a signal from the hostess the ladies rose and retired to the drawing-room," as if friend hostess ran up a flag or yanked a semaphore.

You dive for the usual dropped handkerchiefs, the hostess wags a playful finger at you all and says: "Now don't stay in here for hours!"

The dullest moment has arrived.

The host struts about opening cigar-boxes and liqueur bottles, just as if he felt quite at home.

You know exactly how the poor lump feels. You are sorry for him—a little. You know how hard it is trying to appear natural, hospitable, and gay, and how he





"MISS BULKE IS SO CHATTY AND ENTERTAINING"



hasn't anything to say and pretending he has van-loads of cute remarks up his sleeve.

Later, when the maid says your car is at the door your hostess says sweetly, "Must you go? Well, you won't mind dropping Miss Bulke on your way, will you?"

Bulky, old girl, says, inhaling it, "Oh, no, I don't want to trouble them! Call me a taxi!"

"Oh, no, dear, I'm sure they will be only too delighted!—Won't you?"

"Oh, too delighted! Where do you live, Alma?"

"One Hundred and Seventy-ninth Street! But you're sure it won't be taking you out of your way?"

"Not at all—we live in Thirty-seventh Street!"

Miss Bulke is so chatty and entertaining as we take her up to Newburgh!



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*I Should Say So!*

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*AUTO FOIS—AUTO MOEURS*

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# *I Should Say So!*

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## *Auto Fois—Auto Moeurs*

*Which is Swedish for*

*The Point of View Changes with the Income*

TEN years ago you and Polly went about in the street-cars.

Five years ago you used taxis occasionally.

At that period you said, "If I had an automobile, I *think* I could send for my friends *once* in a while! Why, it would be half my pleasure in having a car to put at the disposal of my friends!"

Polly agreed with you.

You continued: "It isn't as if automobiles could catch pneumonia—"

"I don't think you and I could be as thoughtless and selfish as some of our rich friends, could we?" Polly remarked.

"No," you asserted warmly. "It isn't

that we put ourselves up as being saintly, or any rot like that, but—”

“No,” agreed Polly. “I know what you mean—we simply aren’t built that way. We shouldn’t be happy if we thought some of our poorer friends had to struggle up to our house to dinner in the subway when we had a perfectly good motor car!”

That was five years ago.

The awakening of Helena Ritchie was a deep, snoreless sleep compared to yours.

It’s a cinch to put a dream-car at the disposal of your friends.

Well, anyhow!

The time arrived when you could not exactly afford but you could at least buy, a car.

From the moment you are bitten by the great Klaxon-horned Gasolene Bug the motor car takes precedence of everything else—home ties, duty, the hope of a future life, all are forgotten for the time being.

Your library table is littered with specifications, booklets, and photos of every kind of car; so is your desk. Your overcoat pockets bulge with them. You spend



hours which ought to be spent at your desk, standing around on the glassy floors of the motor harems amongst the potted palms listening to the he sirens softly honking of their wares.

You even come sneaking back at night, when the shops are closed, and gaze hypnotized through the Pittsburgh panes at the car of your dreams; then back again after breakfast with the fanatical enthusiasm of the Wagnerite at Bayreuth.

While Polly is trying the seats of the smart town car up near the window, one of the Benzine Brummels is telling you something beginning with, "I guess you've heard this one. Stop me if you have—"

This is done to rest your brain from the exertion of trying to understand why the tail-light is not attached to the radiator fan.

Otherwise these cataracts of "differentials," "multiple disk," and "cone-clutches," "timing-gears" and "splash systems," would rock your mentality and perhaps make it turn turtle and sink at the dock.

They speak kindly of other cars, and

tell you in what essentials they are lacking, not knocking, mind you—or only a little in one cylinder.

They pass debonairly over the stupid and minor considerations of construction and leap, as it were, with a glad cry of home-coming to the important points like the cigar-lighters and the initials on the door panels. There is where they are on safe ground and can become eloquent.

They show you scrap-books full of testimonial letters from regular business men—regular fellers who sit at desks and have telephones and paper-weights and office-boys and things—letters written on bona-fide typewriters, and they have “PXG” down in the corners just like real letters.

These men write and tell them how crazy they are about their new cars—how they would rather be wrecked in one of their cars than ride safely in any other make. You can’t help being impressed.

You put off telling them that you are going to buy a second-hand car as long as you can, and when you tell them what a piker you are, you are awfully surprised



"BLINKENSOP IS SELLING THIS BECAUSE  
HE WANTS A MORE POWERFUL CAR"



they don't throw you bodily through the plate-glass windows.

No, it is really so—they still talk to you as if you were an out-and-out white citizen. These gentlemanly salesmen even gloss over your bad break to the extent of being willing to actually sell you a second-hand car themselves. They speak of them as "rebuilt" cars. They are rebuilt in the same degree that your blue serge suit is rebuilt when you send it around to the tailors to be sponged and pressed. (Which, by the way, means pressed.) "Rebuilt cars" are covered by the same guarantee as their new cars. Which guarantee is worth fully eight cents in Confederate money.

They show you and Polly the "rebuilt" car. A distinct bargain. Polly had it on the tip of her tongue to say, "Why did she leave her last place?" when Brummel anticipated her by volunteering, "Blinkensop is selling this because he wants a more powerful car."

"I thought you said this was a powerful car!" you ventured, a shade uneasily.

"Powerful! All the power you'll ever want, my boy! We'll take him up Fort George Hill, eh, Bud?" This to the demonstrator, who shifts on to his other foot and smiles, "Nothing to it!"

You feel rebuked.

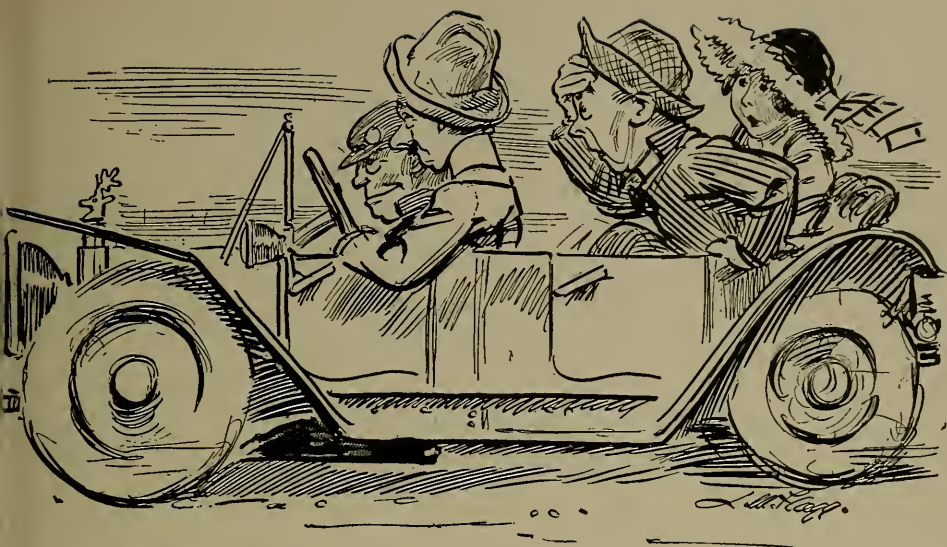
You and Polly are given a demonstration.

The psychology of the trade starts psyching at the moment you take your seat in the car. The instant the wheels turn you are a goner!

You are now the best salesman they have! You sell yourself the car! You root for that car as if it were something you had invented yourself. You are only too willing to be convinced of its perfections—only too anxious to believe all those Indians tell you in their salaried enthusiasm.

An awful clattering underneath your feet, that in later years of experience would clearly indicate frazzled bearings, you are now eager to have explained away as nothing but the sweet purr of perfect mechanism.

You sit on the edge of the seat, nerves



"THIS CAR ISN'T SOLD IS IT?"







taut, inwardly challenging these men to say anything nasty about their own goods! Their own? Yours! Nothing short of spontaneous combustion or the complete destruction of all the roads in the United States can stop you from buying that car!

You clutch the leather arm-rests with the fierce joy of ownership, and cry, "Gee, some boat!"

"We could a-done that hill just as easy on high!" grins the wicked demonstrator as he looks around for your approval.

"When can I have it?" you hiss, hardly recognizing your own voice.

"By the way," says the salesman, doubtfully, to the wicked demonstrator, "this car isn't sold, is it?"

"Oh, my God!"

"Oh, no, it's all right—I was thinking of that 1911 runabout of Johnson's--no, it's all right."

"Oh!"

You nearly swallowed your Adam's apple.

"It will take about two weeks to paint it," says the cunning salesman. "You can have it any old color you like."

You and Polly would like dark blue.

"In that case I'm afraid it would take from four to five weeks, as they have to scrape it down to the bone!"

"Gosh, I don't want to wait all that time!" you groan.

He knew you wouldn't.

"Well, then, why not have it crimson?"

"Why, it's crimson now," you say, glancing quickly over the side.

"Yes, something on that shade—it would be stunning!"

"Yes, I guess that would be bully—wouldn't it, Polly?"

The curtain is lowered to indicate the lapse of two weeks.

The car is at your door with the chauffeur.

The same salesman that stung you with the car stung you also with the chauffeur. The lemon and the lemonade.

The next step is to get a couple of innocent friends to go with you to drive. In certain ways owning your first car is like being in love. You want everybody to meet the girl.



"I DON'T KNOW WHAT IT IS  
BUT DO IT"



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## *Auto Foïs—Auto Moeurs 63*

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You and Polly and the two innocent friends start gaily up Broadway in the car. You have decided to go to Yonkers, a moderate though eccentric ambition. At about One Hundredth Street something happens. You don't know what. Neither does the chauffeur. But the beautiful crimson chariot refuses to proceed, and punctuates its refusal with extraordinary noises.

The chauffeur starts it again. Hope is renewed—bang! Stop again. Chauffeur gets out again and lifts up the lid of the trunk at the front end and fumbles around. Nothing. Conversation expires. You laugh hysterically and remark that something must be the matter. Chauffeur says it's all of that, and that you will all have to get out and let him get the car home when he can. That get it home he will, he never having been towed home in his professional life!

As there doesn't seem to be anything else to do, you all get out and go home in the subway. The friends murmur something about enjoying the ride, and you mutter

something about having to try it again some time.

After trying in vain to get that car out of town or even past One Hundred and Sixteenth Street, it dawns on you that some one has unloaded an acid fruit on you.

The chauffeur (whose salary you paid, by the way, during the two weeks the car was being painted, as otherwise you might not be able to hold him and there being only one chauffeur in the city at the time) suggests you letting him take down the engine. You say, "I don't know what it is, but do it." So he takes down the engine, whose piston-rings, had you but known about such things, were draped around the pistons with the same mathematical precision that the rope rings fall around the stake in the game of ring-toss on ship-board.

When friend chauffeur had finished putting the engine together again, he had enough parts left over to make a cheap vacuum cleaner and a pair of Colonial andirons.

You finally get a real car, but you never

forgive that agreeable young salesman who sold you the first one. You watch for him in the streets. You wouldn't, of course, want to run over him. At least, not all over him.

It seems now, since you've had several cars, that you can't remember not having one. Polly says you act that way. In what particular way? "Oh," says Polly, "for instance, the Hallecks are coming to dinner to-night, and you hadn't thought to send our car for them."

"Well, I'll send for them if you want me to, Polly."

"No, I don't particularly care. I was just thinking the way you and I used to talk when we didn't have a car."

"I get you, Polly; but I thought I wouldn't send Peter out to-night, as we've been using him pretty steadily these last few nights."

That's one phase of the thing.

Then if you send your car around for some people six times running, and for some idiotic reason you carelessly forget to send for them the seventh time, the

frost is on the pumpkin, Jessie dear, the next time you see them. Which shows you the truth of the old adage, "Never start anything you can't continue forever."



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*I Should Say So!*

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*CREAM OR LEMON?*

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# *I Should Say So!*

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## *Cream or Lemon?*

“**Y**OU don’t look the part, Paul,” sighed Polly, as she regarded her husband critically.

“What part, dear lady?” He paused in the act of removing from his overcoat a Milky Way of white flakes off his buckskin gloves. He waited with sarcastic, elevated eyebrows.

“Why, a more or less celebrated poet, dear. Your hair isn’t Busterbrownish and you haven’t any Colonel Harvey spectacles, and—well, you look quite clean!”

“Well, I really haven’t time to grow the hair or get the Colonel Harvey’s; but if it will do any good, I can scabble around in the fireplace and roll under the kitchen sink for a few minutes—” He made a movement as if to carry out his suggestion.

“Paul!”—Polly grabbed him by the arm

—"I was only joking—I love you, even if you are clean—I was only thinking that as the Bostocks are giving this tea to meet you, it is rather a pity you haven't a poet make-up, even if it were only some Le Gallienne hair—yours is so Lyendeckerish—you might even be an ad for a two-for-a-quarter collar. Your forehead doesn't bulge anywhere peculiarly—who will believe that you are Paul Pantoum Punctual with that five per cent. grade forehead?"

"You really can't tell nowadays from a man's appearance what his job is—Congressmen look like Taxi Drivers, Head Waiters look like Eminent Jurists, Artists look like Stockbrokers, and so on. Still, if you say so, I can take a notary public with me and have him witness my signature on 'Hyacinth and Huyler's.' I could pass 'em around—"

"By the way," said Polly, darting over to a large bowl on the table and scratching around in it amongst the cards, "what was their number?—Oh, yes—16 East—Come on! It's just time to get there late. What on earth are you doing, Paul?—undressing?"

"No," panted Paul, as he unbuttoned his overcoat, then his morning coat and finally his waistcoat; "just taking good—breath before—uh—I nail myself up. Gee, this vest has shrunk!"

"Ha! You're getting—"

"I'm not, either. Remember, this is the last tea you get me to—the finish—I'm through teathing—"

Paul and Polly go up in the elevator at the "Arch-Ducal Archways" with two frock coats and a morning coat, who all say in quick succession with a mixture of defiance and reticence: "Mrs. Bostock!"

Then they eye each other with expressions that say, "Mrs. Bostock, indeed! Are you the sort she asks to her teas? I can't say offhand what it is about you that displeases me, but I am fully persuaded that I shouldn't care to know you, really!"

One of the frock coats was an Englishman, and his eager little heart was near bursting with bromidiums.

To him, the elevator seemed to crawl.

Mrs. Bostock had hired a train announcer out of a job to bawl out the names

of her guests, many of whom had never heard their names called out so stentoriously before except by their better halves in a mood.

The hostess evidently missed hearing Captain Swash's name called, because when she greeted him she foozled the approach. This gave him his first chance to unload. "You don't recognize me in this, Imeantosay, dim religious light!" "Oh, Captain Swash—" leaning toward him like a coy manatee—"You mean dim irreligious light!" she whispered naughtily and wittily.

Paul hung about the entrance into the main cage a moment waiting for Polly. He decided that she had probably caught her hair on something, so he thought he would make a dash for it.

He breathed his name to the human howitzer to be exploded over the heads of the innocent bystanders, and entered.

Mrs. Bostock leapt at him as a hungry lady manatee leaps at a mackerel.

"Oh, here's my lion! Come over here. I want you to meet—Where is that girl?—Oh, here she is!"



"YOU MEAN DIM IRRELIGIOUS LIGHT!"  
SHE WHISPERED NAUGHTILY AND WITTILY





The "girl" was a slip of forty—in spinach-green corduroy and scarab tippet, and a large swaying meteoric mass of tarnished zinc and colored glass which she wore suspended on what ought to have been her chest. It made Paul think of the bumpers tugboats wear to protect their wishbones from docks and things. She had backed a curly-haired infant up against a radiator and was talking him to a frazzle, while he smiled and smiled, although scorching. The infant was new to teas—he had something to do with a magazine. Paul heard later that the poor youngster was absolutely without experience, and that they used him to try manuscripts and illustrations on, to decide about accepting or rejecting them.

"Eloise, dear, I want you to meet this distinguished person, Mr. Paul Pantoum Punctual, the Poet—Miss McCann, of Marblehead."

"Tell him I'm an Interviewest, Katharine," Miss McCann pouted.

"Yes, indeed, and the cleverest one in New York."

"Thanks, dear." Miss McCann seemed to imply in her tone that Mrs. Bostock was rather stingy with her praise.

"I'm sure you two will have lots in common—" Mrs. Bostock waddled away genially.

The magazine infant who was the Least Common Advisor to his firm, with a "too good to be true" look on his face, escaped from his radiator on high speed, nearly wrecking a marble bust of a forward young flapper who invited all comers to sample a couple of marble cherries she held between her teeth.

Miss McCann, coming from the hasty-pudding zone, said "copperation," "Otter-mobile," "Fahther," and "tunnips." She kept looking up at Paul through her eyebrows like one of Landseer's stag hounds. It was an expression she had practiced. It was intended to loreleize any man. Paul didn't get the loreleization at all.

It left him with his normal number of vibrations.

"Now, try another—that was a flivver!" said Paul rudely.



I'M SURE YOU TWO WILL  
HAVE LOTS IN COMMON—"



"What *do* you mean?" asked Miss McCann, knowing exactly what he meant.

"That attempt at a devastating glance you just gave me. If you insist on the T's being dotted and the I's crossed."

"Well, of all the—Aren't you a terrible person!" shivered the lady of the zinc bumper. "I don't believe any woman would be safe near you—you—you Cave Man!"

"Reassure yourself, madam—any woman who wears a ring like a Christmas cracker on her index finger is as safe with me as—"

"O! I think I'll pass you on to some one else—you're not anywhere near civilized—really—Miss Babistair, I want to inflict Mr. Punctual on you!"

Miss Babistair dimpled and sidled up to Paul. "Hajaduh?"

Paul wondered if she was one of the women one offers to shake hands with or the other sort. By the time he had decided it was too late.

"I am fairly well, and thank you for asking."

"Phu, phu—you're funny. I mest have seen your work somewhere—in the magazines I fancy— You make pictures or something—I've been abroad so mech of my life I haven't kept up with you over heah."

"You're English?"

"No—Amerrrican."

"Over here incog?"

"Whatchoo mean?"

"Oh, nothing."

"Tell me, you are an illustrator, are you not?"

"No; worse than that. A Poet."

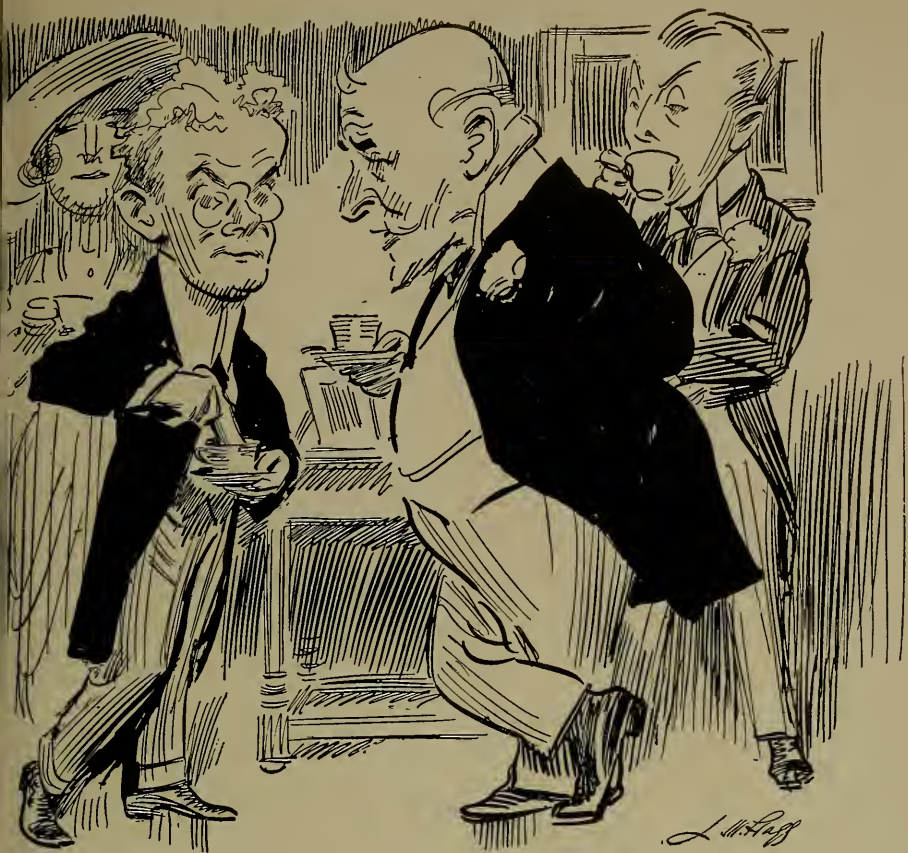
"Fancy! How nice! Oh, have you met Mr. Ponctshl?" This to a foreign-looking flapper who was passing in a Puma-like manner. Foreign Flapper pauses and shakes hands gummily with Paul. Miss Babistair sneaks.

"Miss Babistair didn't mention your name-er—"

"No. She doesn't know me. Perhaps that is why. My name is Miss Pureleaf."

"Chicago?"

"Sh! Yes. I live in Paris. Mrs. Bosstock has the only salon in New York."



OLIVER HERFORD JOINS THEM,  
STIRRING HIS CUP OF TEA WITH A LADY-FINGER







"So several people have told me. From the looks of that table of decanters and bottles one might say saloon. Have you had punch?"

"Rather—several! Oliver Herford passed the word around that it's full of absinthe—that keeps the New Rochelle and Flushing bunch away from it."

"Oliver Herford! the vice-president of the Herford Manufacturing Company?" Paul is trying to be amusing.

"No, stupid! Oliver Herford, the wit, artist and poet."

"Oh, Mr. Ford, come over here." She grabbed Jim Ford, the Sardonic, by the sleeve and introduced Paul to him. "Here's a man who doesn't know who Oliver Herford is."

"He's stringing you. Everybody knows the famous Kittenologist—the originator of the proverb, 'The more haste the less speed.' Why—"

"I confess," laughed Paul. "I was jes' foolin'. All the stories they don't credit to Dan'l Webster and Abe Linc—By the way, Mr. Ford, Miss Pureleaf tells me

that Mrs. Bostock has the one real salon in town."

"Oh, yes," whispers Ford. "Every woman who can corral three stockbrokers, an advertising man and a Fifty-seventh Street dressmaker has the one salon."

A dark gent just then made his way to the piano.

"Oh, gosh! there goes that wedge-faced wap to the box again!" hoarsely whispers a stout old lady in a bodice all covered with sequins and glass beads.

"Who in heaven's name is that?" Paul hisses to Jim Ford.

"That old woman gotten up like the electric sign for Spriggle's Nearmint Gum? That is Mrs. Hugglesby, of Omaha, grandparents members of the Brook Farm gang in New England, author of 'The Care and Preservation of Our Mother Tongue.' Hullo, Oliver!" Oliver Herford joins them, stirring his cup of tea with a lady-finger.

Oliver remarks in his diffident manner, "Isn't that thing tiresome the fellow's singing—that Caruso piece, 'Down in Mobile.'"

Miss Pureleaf says, "You mean 'Donne e Mobile,' Mr. Herford."

"Oh, perhaps that was what I meant."

"Oh, Mr. Punctual, come over here."

—His hostess' voice.

Paul feels as helpless as an infant caterpillar in a nest of hungry ants. He seemed to have left his will-power with his hat and coat as he followed her through the crowd to the other end of the room.

"I want you to meet—" Mrs. Bostock smiled helplessly—"Now I know your name as well as I—Your face is as familiar as—"

"Mrs. Punctual," said Polly with malicious animal magnanimity.

"Mrs. Punc—Mrs. Punc—Oh!—Oh!—Am I getting fatuous as well as fat—introducing you to your own—Oh! Oh!" She fled.

Polly smiled up at Paul. "How do you do?"

"I'm pleased to meet you. We ought to have a lot in common."

"Yes," said Polly, serenely, "with a house on it—but we haven't—"

"So you've already succumbed to the Repartee Fever! Let's beat it—"

On the way home Polly pretended not to hear Paul as he muttered strange, unconnected sentences to himself. It sounded something like this:

"Mrs. Bostock has the only real salon in town."

"Yes, we live on the dreadful West Side, but it doesn't matter where one lives in New York these days."

"Well, turkey trotting is certainly healthier exercise than bridge."

"My husband doesn't approve of my taking lessons in these new dances from a professional."

"We live in Nutley for the children's sake."

"Life is made so much easier for one living abroad."

"New York's sky-line is really beautiful."

"I don't believe in facial massage. It loosens the flesh."

"We let our chauffeur wear what he pleases—he is an excellent machinist—he can fix anything that goes wrong."

"Don't attempt to take the spot out yourself—send it right to the cleaner's—they don't have to dip the whole thing these days."

"Did you ever see the streets in such a condition! It's just graft—yes, Tammany."

"Polly, don't ask me to go to another tea with you."

"Really, Paul, I thought you seemed to be having the time of your life with that swarthy young thing in the corner."

"Pooh! I had to be civil to the creature."

"You will notice, Paul, that I am not finding fault with you for leaving me to come in by myself. I might have meant something as Mrs. Paul Pantoum Punctual, but 'Mrs. Punctual' left them cold."

"Sorry, but I thought you were never coming."

"At any rate," continued Paul, "this is positively my Adelinapatti at any tea. I have spoken!"

This was as they were entering their own apartment.

"What's this?" said Polly, picking up an envelope from the hall table.

"A clever way to find out would be to open it." Paul was rather husbandish.

"Mrs. C. Lonn at home March 10th from four to seven," read Polly.

She started to tear the card up.

Paul laid a detaining hand on hers.

"Hold on! You may want to remember the address."

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*I Should Say So!*

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*UNTERESTING PEOPLE*







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# *I Should Say So!*

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## *Interesting People*

- I. A great man who has a job he likes.*
- II. A wonderful example of cool-headedness.*
- III. A baby who looks like any baby, but isn't.*

MATTHEW J. PILLWEATHER

LITTLE do we all realize the history of some of the commonest household articles—the romance of the humble parlor match, for instance. Who amongst us all has not at some time in his or her life had occasion to use that little wooden beacon?

Is there a child in these United States who has not played with them when Mother's back was turned?

Is there anything that enters more into our daily life than the simple match? In the parlor, the kitchen, the camp, the smoking car, the subway, the theater, the

street, even the avenues—everywhere under the sun you will find the little fibrous torch in use!

Well, then. You'll all agree to that. Now when the parlor match was first invented suppose the head had been put on the wrong end! Can you not imagine the cries of baffled rage floating up into the empyrean baby blue when millions of match users tried in vain to strike their matches!

This didn't happen. I only say suppose!

*If* this stupendous blunder had occurred, there is one man in the country who would have been able to rectify it. He would have seen immediately what the trouble was, and with the simplicity of genius would have recalled all the matches that had been put on the market, scraped the heads off and put them on the proper ends. That man is Matthew J. Pillweather, of White River Junction, Vermont—or N. H. He is alive to-day at the age of eighty-two, and is still occupying the same position of trust he has filled for over sixty-



### MATTHEW J. PILLWEATHER

Who for sixty-three years has filled the responsible position of assistant postal-card reader in the postoffice of his native town—also a genius.



three years, as assistant postal-card reader in the post-office of his native town.

Which only goes to show something or other.

AUGUSTUS G. PEST

One day, while on a tour of inspection of the subway in company with no less person than President Higginbotham himself, the writer happened to notice a ticket-seller in one of the booths.

"Yes," smiled President Higginbotham; "that is a case in which I take a great deal of pride! It will pay you to watch him a moment!"

I stepped closer to the booth and watched the man. I could hardly credit my eyesight. Inside of twelve minutes there must have been three people who bought tickets at that window, and not a trace of nervousness or a single faltering movement on the part of the ticket-seller!

The tickets were pulled off the strips, passed through the window, the money taken in and in one instance change for

a dime made—and *not one mistake*. I reeled with excitement. Higginbotham helped me to a seat on a bench. And fanning me with a copy of *The American Magazine*, which, by the way, he says is extremely useful, he told me the story of the ticket-seller. The following remarkable story speaks for itself:

Augustus G. Pest was born in New York City, in 1850.

#### STARK N. AKED

In Slag Heap Notch, Pennsylvania, there lives what most people would pass by as an ordinary person. And as usual, most people would be dead wrong.

To the casual observer Stark N. Aked is no different from millions of other Americans. There doesn't seem to be any outward sign to indicate that he is unique or remarkable. But he is. Of all our hundred million inhabitants he is the most interesting and wonderful. Bar none.

In the first place, Dr. Lincoln Litmus, the family physician, stated professionally,





AUGUSTUS G. PEST

An extraordinary ticket-seller in the New York subway. He can sell three tickets in twelve minutes without making a mistake.





before wet-nurses, that it was the most perfectly formed child he had ever seen! But the really unanswerable evidence of Stark's claim to being the most absolutely peerless person in all the world is the voluntary admission of Mr. and Mrs. Aked.

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JAMES J. FLAHERTY

Reprinted through the courtesy of the "Associated Sunday Magazines"

"WE CAN'T AFFORD PRESENTS THIS YEAR"  
THE PICTURE THAT CAUSED ALL THE TROUBLE



*The Tribulations of an Illustrator  
Told in Pictures, in a Letter and a Reply*

THE LETTER

*Mr. James Montgomery Flagg.*

Dear Sir:—We have had several discussions in our family in regard to your pen-and-ink drawings in the "Associated Sunday Magazine" of December 22, 1912, entitled "We Can't Afford Presents This Year." If not too much trouble, I will deem it favor if you will kindly forward your meaning. Thanking you in advance, I am

Most respectfully yours,  
—————

December 30, 1912.

THE REPLY

*33 West Sixty-Seventh St.,  
New York, Jan. 17, 1913.*

*My Dear Mrs.—*—————

Your kind inquiry concerning the meaning of my cartoon in the Christmas num-

ber of the "Associated Sunday Magazines" is received, and I can readily understand your perplexity. Evidently you did not see the series of pictures, of which this is but a part. Also, I regret to say, the editors of the magazine failed to carry out my wishes: I told them to print the true title of the series, "Christmas in Many Lands," on the tablecloth, to the left of the champagne bottle, in the picture. This they did not do.

The first cartoon of this series, it may interest you to know, was my first published drawing. It appeared in the "Appeal to Reason Magazine," in July, 1880. This picture showed "Christmas on the Deep," and while the title of the series may not strictly cover nautical scenes, yet I felt that I was justified in using the title "Christmas on the Deep," because the ship I drew was a very rapid one, and, barring bubonic plague or other accidents to the machinery, was sure to be in port by the time of publication.

That picture showed the Captain made up as Santa Claus, tossing filberts over the



rail for the Cabin Boys to dive for, teaching carols to the Second Cabin Stewards, hearing the Able Seamen say their prayers, and kissing them good night. The crew had hung up their stockings on the yard-arms, and the rigging and funnels were festooned with holly and mistletoe. The cook was trying to catch the Second Officer under the mistletoe—with a potato-masher. Indeed, the whole scene reflected the simple gaities of Jack at Sea in the Yuletide season.

It may surprise you to know that many readers contended that this picture did not really represent "Christmas in Many Lands," because, although the sailors were of many nationalities, I had left out the Javanese. But that was intentional. I was coming to the Javanese later.

My Javanese cartoon was No. 2 in the "Christmas in Many Lands" series. It appeared in "Godey's Lady's Book" in 1863. It was called "Christmas in Many Lands," again showing the wealth of ideas possessed by an artist who was fortunate enough to count many Art Editors among his personal friends.

The drawing depicted that famous and terrible St. Valentine's Day when the Moke of Mocha, accompanied on the bassoon by that doughty warrior, Young Hysôn, committed the Sack of Java. This picture clearly showed the unsettled condition of affairs in Java before the introduction of the egg.

In the foreground Young Hysôn is seen knocking King Caffeine IV. of Java on the bean, thereby giving him grounds for complaint.

Some people wrote in to me about this picture. They did not understand why it should be entitled "Christmas in Many Lands," as the Sack of Java was known to have occurred on St. Valentine's Day. But, as you will have already guessed, this was done to make it harder.

No. 3 of this series was published in Park & Tilford's Catalogue, in 1910. It showed "A Quaker Christmas" in all its pristine glory. The patriarchal old father of the Quaker family had been celebrating Guy Fawkes Day, and was feeling his oats. This brings us naturally and gracefully to



the remark that this drawing was part of a serial. Now, as you are doubtless aware, it is the custom among the Quakers, and has been so from time immemorial, to kill and eat each other on Christmas eve. This rite they consider to be a purely personal and family matter, and nobody else's business. Any member of a Quaker family who is not *et* one year, is *it* next year.

I pointed a moral in this picture to those who may be tempted to use oatmeal to excess; for oatmeal is a good servant, but a terrible master. The old Quaker father had overindulged in oatmeal. He came reeling home, reeking with the noxious fumes of that cosmetic. Not knowing what he did, he mistook an innocent seamstress for a member of his own family. She was sewing oats on Otis Skinner. While she was thus engaged, he sidled up to her and slew her. In my picture I show the old man devouring her second joint. There is a look of doubt upon the fine old, simple face, as though he wondered whether all was for the best.

Now we come to the last cartoon—the

one of which you wrote me. This picture shows richly dressed people sitting in an extravagant restaurant, lavishly eating an expensive lunch, and drinking champagne. The caption was: "We Can't Afford Presents This Year."

Not everyone has had the common courtesy to write to me for an explanation of this thing. Thousands upon thousands have gone on in the routine of their daily life, with the problem presented by this cartoon gnawing at their vitals, yet they have been too inert to write me.

I thank you. And yet I find myself pausing on the threshold of this disclosure. Madam, how shall I unfold this ghastly story? . . .

The girl who sits in the center, facing you so calmly, is, I regret to say, the leader of a notorious band of Nihilists. And the waiter without a head—what of him? To the casual observer he is like any other waiter without a head. Not so, however! He is really Nutoff, the most terrible assassin, murderer, cut-throat, highbinder, bookbinder, spellbinder, and Hoi Polloi in all Vladivostok.

The girl Nihilist has lured the man and woman with whom she sits at table to this café! And who, think you, is them? He is the young Szarsparilla of Russia—czar-castically speaking, she is his wife. They have left their son and daughter, the young Czardine and Czardonix, and come to this caviar den, where the worst Vodkas in Paris assemble.

But as I approach the awful dénouement my nerve fails me! How can I continue? How can I tell you of that awful night: how the waves rolled in over the foot-board; of the feverish Northern lights, and the sad low call of the penguin to its mate, the penwiper; the awful picture of her, as she lay there, half in and half out, with that look upon her face, as the sawdust rose and rose until it touched her moist red lips—it is seared upon the tabloids of my memory. That was the night my hair turned gray—the night when the raven dragged its ink-stained wing across the face of the taxi-driver who had played his last set of tennis in the dusty courtyards of the Alhambra. Peace . . . Peace . . .

It was morning. . . . The bald-headed Paregoric, perched on his eyrie on the blasted tamarack, looked down upon them as they lay there, cold and still—hatless, shoeless . . . footless!

That, then, is the answer!

In closing, I wish to tell you that I shall hereafter have all my cartoons in connection with the "Christmas in Many Lands" series printed by the Butterick Company, on pattern paper. Pattern paper is, as you know, perforated; this will enable everyone to see through the pictures.

Yours very truly,

JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG.

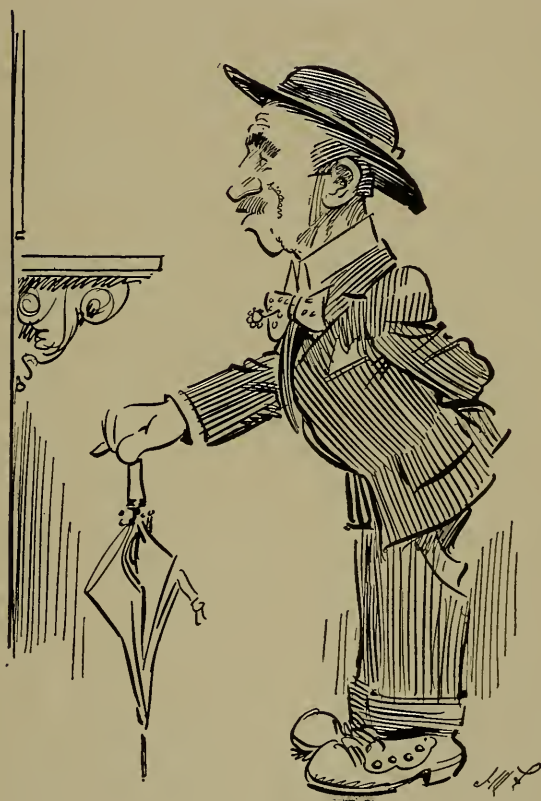
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*I Should Say So!*

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*THEATERS*

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# *I Should Say So!*

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## *Theaters*

**D**ON'T tell me you've never been to the theater! Get ou-u-t! Honest? What do you know about that? Tell you what it's like? Sure!

If you've never been to a show it doesn't make any difference which one you pick out. You'll enjoy it, no matter how punk-escent it is.

Which is true of almost everything you do for the first time—except going to the dentist, and being mistaken for the conductor. You don't enjoy those things until the second time.

Don't be absurd? Huh! One has to die quickly in order not to be, and even then one may be funny.

Collect the morning papers after the first night of some play and read the criticisms carefully. Don't balance the papers against

the fern dish and read with one eye and drink your coffee with the other. Wait till after breakfast, and go to it with what they tell you is your mind.

The "Daily Toast" will say something like this:

"'The Moll-Buzzer' leapt into instant popularity last night. It is the play of the season. Al and Gus Thomas are sore this A. M. because they didn't write it. The author, up to last night entirely unknown, is to be congratulated on a masterly work which has in it none of the faults of the novice, nay, indeed, combines the construction of Pinero, the wit of Shaw, and the dramatic power of Ibsen, with the popular note of Geo. Cohan.

"This play of the underworld should draw crowds for two or three decades. The situations are original and hair-raising as well as being true to life. A representative audience sat breathless on the edge of its seats—one moment agonized with dread and suspense, the next moment rocking and writhing with the abandonment of convulsive mirth! The cast was extraordinarily





DON'T BALANCE THE PAPERS AGAINST THE FERN DISH  
AND READ WITH ONE EYE AND DRINK YOUR  
COFFEE WITH THE OTHER



fine, including that sterling actor, Haddock Wart—another vindication of the good old stock company training!—who gave a rarely splendid performance in a part that required the finished art of just such an intelligent actor.

“He was a delight to the eye in the picturesque costume of a N. Y. detective, and his portrayal of that sweet old gentleman was delightful, as he brought out every shading of the character—the benevolence, the asceticism, the dreamy gentleness, and the old-world courtesy.

“Here at last is a play worth seeing over and over again! Take your family; take your regiment; take your ward! They will thank you with tears of joy!”

“Well,” you sparkle, “that must be some play—what? Let’s go!”

Hold on! Read the “Morning Marmalade”! Here!

“Another flivver added to the season’s long list of casualties! Any manager who would produce such a hodge-podge of stale banalities as ‘The Moll-Buzzer’ deserves to be redrawn from an early tintype and pub-

lished! The underbred pup who collected, pinched, and signed his name to this shovel-ful of chaos deserves to be sent to Flushing for life! We have sat through some awful evenings in our sad career, but, ye gods and whitebait! Why, I even tried to sleep by counting sheep jumping over a gate! The snores of those of the audience who had not actually died in their seats kept me pitifully conscious!

"The cast was well suited to the production, being a round-up of the waifs of the Rialto, and of all these shabby and flabby hams, the worst was Haddock Wart! How that superannuated old freight-car tourist ever persuades any manager, even Einstein, to place him in any play is beyond our reckoning, even in a thinking part—but as a principal his unpleasant presence before the footlights is an insult to the cheesiest audience! The 'Moll-Buzzer' when it goes to-night to the storehouse will outrank the rankest of the failures of a generation."

"For the love of Modjeska! How can two papers have such different opinions?"

"My boy, my bo-o-oy! Whoever said they had? Read between the lines!"

"Well, what am I to think?"

"You're not supposed to. Just ask someone, whose opinion to you is worthless, what he thinks of the play, and if he thinks it's poor get seats immediately!"

You go to the box office, in your innocence, to get seats. There is a man ahead of you, and you listen to the talk. It goes like this:

"Two seats for to-night."

The gent who has the seats to sell is protected by a bronze grill. You understand why this is later on.

Gent gives the customer a quick sizing-up glance and sees that his suit is made out of wool off a regular sheep and not the Mississippi breed that gives cotton. If the customer had worn one of the latter or had skewered his bow tie with a scarf pin, the box office gent would have asked, "Balcony or orchestra?"

In this case he says nothing, but looks through a bunch of tickets, picks out two, puts them up to their waists in an envelope, and pushes them under the grill.

"Where are they?"

"Fifteenth row—very good seats."

"How many rows are there in the orchestra?"

The B. O. feller gives customer an awful look.

"Sixteen."

"Are they behind a pillar?"

"There isn't a pillar in the house. They're very good seats." The B. O. feller rises on his toes and looks meaningly over the customer's shoulders.

Customer gets the movement and is bullied into saying, "Oh, all right, I'll take 'em." Hands out a clean five-dollar bill and gets a sick one-dollar bill in change and moves away, bumping into people dazedly as he puts the tickets into his pocket-book. He also may be heard muttering something about being damned if he will give up fifty cents more on a ticket to Tyson's, anyway!

Also the glass door swings back and hissed "Graft!"

You step up and say to the B. O. F. "He'd have gotten the idea of the location of his seats quicker if you had said one row from the back, wouldn't he?"

"Is that so! Do you want seats?"

"Yes, I do. Two for to-night. What row?"

"Fifteenth."

You smile a lopsided and cynical smile.

"All right."

That night you go to the theater. You hand the usherine the ticket stubs, hoping foolishly against all reason that somehow the seats will miraculously be way down near the footlights—you know they can't be, but still—

They are not.

Two bulbous old citizenesses of Mosholu stand groaningly up and try to flatten themselves out so you can pass on to your seats. You see that you cannot possibly walk straight past them, and you wonder which is the least unrefined manner to get by them. Just as you decide and start, one of the citizenesses says, "Oh, wait—" and grabs her hat from where she has pinned it on the nickel-in-the-slot machine in front of her. You think for a second she is after your watch.

After you are seated and help your wife



unstrangle herself out of her cloak and pick up her opera-glass bag seven or eight times, and say, "O, my God, can't you hang on to anything?" you look in the direction of the stage, and gasp like a catfish in a bucket of flour! You seem to be gazing into a mattress with the cover off. Of course it is just your confounded luck to be behind one of the largest heads of hair in the world! The woman probably had more hair than was strictly decent to start with, and she must have borrowed large consignments of it from easy-going cousins. You look forward in an unfeeling way to curvature of the spine for her. She needn't come sniveling to you for sympathy when she gets it! You try to get a glimpse of the stage through a hollow curl that is pointing toward you, but the darn thing curves at the farther end and leads up toward the ceiling.

The curtain goes up, and by leaning your chin on the shoulder of a beautiful young girl on your left you manage to see half an actor or so at a time. Behind in the next row is a family lately from Grand Street. (To those of you who are not Newyorkers,





YOU SEEM TO BE GAZING INTO A MATTRESS  
WITH THE COVER OFF



Grand Street is in one of our most exclusive residence sections!) They help the evening entertainment by a steady flow of conversation, and they all tuck what they can of their large feet into the backs of the seats in front of them, which gives you a particularly uncomfortable feeling that some one is trying to get into your hip pocket and not caring a whoop how long it takes to do it.

Then, in a very tense moment, when the flapper heroine is taking her nightie and her baby-grand piano out onto the moors rather than be a bone of contention between her father and his stenographer, and there is a hush in the audience as solemn as a British family looking over the comic papers, some old beagle in the orchestra starts coughing. This gets 'em all going and it is only a moment when they are in full cry, barking away madly like the Dorsetshire Hounds, I mean to say!

It's a bronchial panic.

After you have taken a full course in theatergoing you are led to make the following observations:

The fourth act in either comedy or tragedy is always an anti-climax.

In the last act of a comedy it is always the next morning and the drawing-room is always untidy and the ladies always come down-stairs into it yawning and protesting that they haven't slept a wink.

Tallow candles used on the stage must be abnormally powerful. When one is brought into a dark room the room gradually becomes as brilliantly illumined as Child's restaurant. Not suddenly, but gradually.

Women who come to the theater hatted always wait until the curtain starts up before they remove their lids.

I have seen men in aisle seats who did not get up and go out between the acts.

Billy Burke and, hence, all other young actorines with yeller hair say, "Dunt," when they mean "Don't. It's awful cute, but it makes you want to go outdoors and kick a blind black-and-tan terrier into the Ambrose Channel!

When the coat-room boy in the foyer says several times in quick succession to you, "Check your coat!" you wish there were



THE AMERICAN BUSINESS MAN ALWAYS FINDS  
IT NECESSARY TO BLOW SMOKE GENEROUSLY  
IN THE FACE OF EVERY WOMAN IN THE PLAY



some way of getting around that notice in the decalogue about killing.

An actor who portrays a character lower socially and morally and physically than the average run of shad gets greater applause than one who portrays a character correspondingly higher in scale. Which is unjust, because it is not very difficult to assume a lower status. Try it yourself and see.

The actor who plays an American Business Man, especially the British brand of actor, always finds it necessary, in order to put the character over, to chew a large cigar unpleasantly and blow smoke generously in the face of every woman in the play.

You add to this a few of the bromidiums you hear:

"Yes, we go to the theater four or five nights a week—what else is there to do, evenings?"

"We go every year to see John Drew, of course. He's a regular institution."

"I can't stand May Irwin; but she *is* funny!"

“Gee, aren’t these rotten seats? They *told* me they were *not* under the balcony!”

Between the acts: She (laughing), “You always ask me if I mind, John—but you always go out!”



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# *I Should Say So!*

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## WHERE TO SUMMER WELL

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### BORE'S HEAD INN

#### DINNER

*August 7, 1912*

*Mulligatawny Soup*

~~*Olives*~~

~~*Soy*~~

*Chicken Pie Country Style*

*Vegetables*

*College Pudding*

*White Sauce*

*Tea. Coffee ~~Stout~~*

~~*Watermelon*~~



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# *I Should Say So!*

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## *Where to Summer Well*

*Bore's Head Inn, Cotanpansett, Mass.  
Season of 1913*

THE Management begs to announce  
the yearly or annual opening of  
*Bore's Head Inn*

and extends a chastely passionate welcome to our former patrons, if living, and warmly assures our potential new friends of the continued perfection of our cuisine, of which we have three, and the same care and attention and uniform courtesy at bill-presenting time that has distinguished us in the past, the equal of which cannot be found in any other part of New England, nay not nearer than the Faubourg Saint-Germain.

### *A Word About Cotanpansett*

Situated as it is, on a large bluff, it com-

mands, as in the past, an unrestricted view of most of the mighty, blue Atlantic (ocean).

Cotanpansett (an Indian name signifying "Paradise" and "Tired Business Man") is a typical old New England Village with its quaint Colonial Homes and its Revolutionary Block-Houses and Things, which deserve and will receive a word to themselves later.

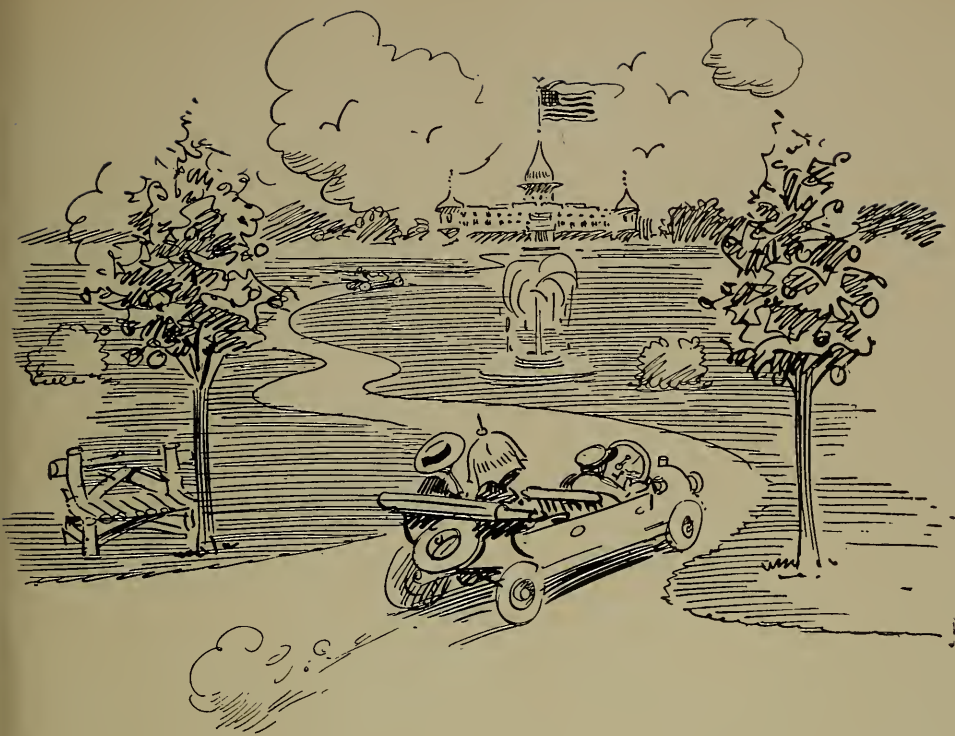
*Accessibility, Trains, Etc.*

Fast and Luxurious trains pass our Village Beautiful every half hour of the day.

Provision has been made for the automobilist, Cotanpansett and environs being justly celebrated for the lavishness and profusion of its speed-traps. A large and commodious ell has been added to the county jail to accommodate the increasing influx of motorists.

*The Inn Itself*

Passing through the Village, up Main Street, protected every inch of the way from the ardent rays of Old Sol by the Gypsy and Brown-Tail Moths which cover



BORE'S HEAD INN



the bare branches of the justly proud old elms in the most affectionate and hospitable manner, and turning abruptly at the sight of the soldiers' monument and retreating in the opposite direction under the elms, as in the past, passing McClusky's Celebrated Drug & Novelties Store, we come to

*Bore's Head Inn*

the Haven of Rest, the Home of Innocent Pastime, the Paradise of Yachtsmen, the Nirvana of Refined Relaxation, the Nest of Exquisite though Simple Family Life.

Situated as it is, as in the past, cozily ensconced behind Leatherbee's Salt Hake Storehouse, protected from the more boisterous zephyrs of the Restless Deep, though enjoying the peculiar maritime aroma that is constantly wafted Hotelward from Leatherbee's, it offers a charming picture to the beholder, with its entirely renovated appearance, as the old mosquito netting has been renewed, regardless of expense, at all doors and windows, and eight new piazza chairs have been added

to the other two, making, in all, ten chairs on the capacious veranda which completely surrounds the INN on two sides.

What the mind of man can conceive of to enhance the natural beauties of the grounds has been done, even to the repainting of the entire croquet set. Nor has the Child, the Father of the Man, been neglected. We welcome the Child. The swing has been mended.

*Inside the Inn*

Our old friends will hardly recognize the old surroundings, such have been the improvements. For instance, they will be astounded at the spaciousness in the Main Hall this summer. The Japanese umbrella has given way to the safe in the fireplace, thus giving more floor space.

Quite as important changes have been made in the Parlor. The crinkled salmon-hued lamp shade of yester year, though handsome in itself, has been replaced by a more modern and artistic glass shade decorated by hand with a charming design of poppies and mussel shells.





SOLDIERS' MONUMENT



We feel that we owe it to our sense of right to mention that the work was done by our Miss Peabody, who not only has served us faithfully for eighteen years in the capacity of Room Clerk and Writer of Menus but has been uniformly courteous to our guests—nay, has been a friend and companion to many and is ready this summer, as in the past, to act as a refined social intermediary to those of our guests who, through a sense of timidity, do not make acquaintances easily.

The cupola has been redecorated and the floor covered with a magnificent grass rug. A superb view may be had from this cozy retreat of the handsome and stately Asylum for the Insane, which, by the way, is open to visitors.

Note and fly paper may be had at any time by applying at the desk. A Checker and a Ouija Board are at the disposal of guests in the evenings.

### *Bathing*

We are so favorably located with regard to the bathing beach that bath houses are

indeed unnecessary, it being only a scant half-hour's walk from the INN to the billows, when you are once past the railroad track.

Our guests are urged to bathe in front of the Slumgimquit House, as they provide a life-saver during the entire season.

*Walks, Drives, Etc.*

Dame Nature has indeed been lavish in her allurements to those who love her. The country round about is unsurpassed in sylvan splendors, and countless walks and drives woo. As a suggestion—it is always advisable to take the walk first, because the nearest livery stable is Pratt's, five miles east of Cotanpansett.

*Aquatic Pleasures*

Every description of sailing craft and pleasure boat is at the command of the guests of the INN. To many it is a pleasure to run down to Boston where these marine sports may be indulged in. There has been placed in a conspicuous place in the Office a time-table giving the complete summer schedule of trains to the city.





All of our guests are at liberty to consult this time-table freely.

Swimming Races, Regattas, Canoeing, and Surf Riding are an integral part of the summer life at the shore and may be indulged in by one and all. It is merely necessary to mention your intention the night before to the room clerk and she will see that you are driven to the Station in time to catch the train to Marblehead, where these diversions are.

*Places of Interest, Etc.*

All lovers of Architecture will find the quaint old village of Cotanpansett a mine of interest. Guests of the INN are especially invited to patronize McClusky's Celebrated Drug & Novelties Store, where one may find a sumptuous assortment of drugs, fishing tackle, Bulgarian yarn, candies, gasoline, window and door screens, farming implements, crackers, fruit, in fact, everything the summer tourist may need.

Mr. McClusky himself, as in the past, will give his personal attention to visitors,

when permitted by his arduous duties as driver of the INN Station Barge, and Postmaster, too.

*Climate*

Cotanpansett enjoys, perhaps, the distinction of the finest climate in the civilized world. It combines, happily, the constant warmth of Southern California with the invigorating freshness of Maine.

Situated, as it is, on a bluff.

*Terms*

Terms are very reasonable, when taking into consideration the improvements that have been made with no stinting hand.

The Management begs to say, in closing, that the management is under the personal supervision of the manager.

That everything that can be done to our guests will be done, cheerfully. As in the past.





THE ATLANTIC OCEAN FROM OUR VERANDA—A SKETCH  
BY MISS PEABODY. MISS PEABODY DID THIS FREE  
HAND. SHE NEVER TOOK A LESSON IN HER LIFE



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*I Should Say So!*

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*PARLOR ENTERTAINERS*

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JULIAN STREET



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# *I Should Say So!*

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## *Parlor Entertainers*

*or*

## *The Tragedy of Success*

LIFE for married men nowadays is just one damned hook after another. You pause in the midst of your second shave in twelve hours, with the lather that will not dry on the face doing so, to wrestle with Polly's hooks and eyes.

You cuss Lady Duff Gordon for the devilish flaps and cross hitchings and over and under lairs that you only begin to master as the gown is about to be discarded. When you cannot find a partner for a certain young hook you surreptitiously hitch him on to a hunk of lace or a row of insane glass beads, without a halt in the rhythm lest Polly suspect!

And when a hook hangs back and re-

fuses to meet a willing eye across the two-inch chasm you grunt and mutter, "Gee, you must be getting larger!" or, "Why the deuce don't you pull those strings tighter so this dress will meet" By the way, why is it that in moments of emotional stress men will forget that they are "gowns" or "frocks" and not "dresses"?

These impolite remarks of yours naturally rile Polly, so she says, "Let it go—I'll ring for Sandra—she understands!"

This, as was intended, stimulates you with renewed determination to complete the work if you sacrifice eight fingernails. And you reply: "Of course Sandra's mentality is much superior to mine—blu, blu, blu, etc., etc." If you looked over Polly's shoulder into the mirror you would see her winking wickedly at herself.

Just as you have nearly stretched that little gauzy triangular patch across the V between the shoulder blades Polly, of course, raises her arm and begins rubbing off the excess powder around her pretty nose. You lose the combination.

"If you expect me to hook this dam-

thing while you are isadoraduncaning all over the room you are laboring under a delusion!" You get this off with the usual restraint and anxiety for understatement of the regular husband.

Discreet silence. The work is at last completed. You smile with pity when you think of all that talk about the Panama Canal being such a stupendous feat of engineering.

All this to go to a party. Of course you expect to have a reasonably decent time. What sort of a party? Oh, just a party.

And then, by Heck, after you get there and everything seems to be going pleasantly the hostess, without warning, asks Somebody to Do Something!

You know what that means! You, who have left your more or less comfortable home—where you might be now if you had in the least suspected what was in store for you—you are to be entertained! Do those words, "To be entertained," suggest the pinnacle of awfulness? They do. Yes'm.

It would be bad enough if the enter-

tainers were hired, but the added horror of it all is that they are personal friends, people for whom you nurse a regard, people you like to think kindly of, people you mention to other people with a certain possessive pride!

The first time you heard them Do Something, if you can remember that far back, it did amuse you, by Jove, it really did! You laughed, you applauded—you might have even asked them to do it again. Which they did.

But after you have heard them do their stunts for two or three decades—well, you know what water dropping on a stone will do to the stone!

The Parlor Entertainer usually begins his career innocently enough. Let's take his growth step by jump. He has been, say, a rather successful writer for the magazines, and through his talent and his ability to placate office-boys and editors had gained a respectable footing on the moving sidewalk of contemporary letters. He has every reason to hope for the time when great magazine editors will call him by





CHARLIE TOWNE AS MRS. FISKE



his nickname and go to lunch with him at the Players' Club. The future is glittering. Kipling is shrinking. O. Henry's cutaway is getting a bit tight for him across the chest. He feels that, as Gouverneur Morris would say, this is the best of all possible worlds!

One evening, out of the Nowhere, comes an impulse to give an imitation of Harry Lauder. He gives it without any announcement. The little gathering whoops with delight and some one says, "That's the best imitation of Albert Chevalier I ever heard—do it again!" From that moment he is ruined!

Some of the same people that were with him that evening are at the next party he goes to, and they cry, "Give us that Albert Chevalier stunt, Hank!" And so it goes. He is delighted with his success. Nothing exceeds like success. His regular work, while extremely promising, has postponed payment—his stunt has succeeded instantly. It haunts him as he tries to write that story for Munsey's. He smiles to himself as he hangs to his strap on his way home

in the evening, so that those near him edge away fearfully as from a madman.

He doesn't confine his imitation to evening parties. He will do it anywhere. On ferries, trains, in the Park, in restaurants, anywhere a few friends happen to be. The years roll on and he still does his Chevalier. He reasons it out just as the vaudeville actor does; if he has made a hit why tempt the fates by doing something different? Why should he, indeed? Don't they still clamor for it?

At the tail end of a party when the clock is striking Neurasthenia and some begin to think of the busy little meter racing its head off in the Gunman's Gondola below, there comes a scraping of chair legs and a flurry around the piano.

"What are they going to do?"

"Julian Street is going to sing 'Frederick Townsend Martin!'"

"Oh, my God——"

Julian eagerly leaps to the piano-side, saying, "If you knew how I hate it!" You knew that if he was going to sing it *would* be "Frederick Townsend Martin." Julian



"Bill" IRWIN

BILL IRWIN TELLS HIS FAMOUS STORY OF  
THE GREATEST NEWSPAPER BREAK



has a copy of the song typewritten on white silk sewed into his dress coat. So you say, "Yes, I heard him sing that just after the battle of Gettysburg!" Which is not strictly true, but as he is a close friend of yours you feel privileged to say sarcastic things.

Another terrible phase of this Parlor Entertaining is that if one Entertainer does his time-honored and classic imitation or song every other one in the room will feel grossly insulted if not asked to contribute his quota to the last sad rites of the dying party. Hence the term, "Extreme Unction."

Charlie Towne (a poet) then whispers out of the side of his mouth to his neighbor, "Get me to do 'Mrs. Fiske'!"

So they get him. Sweetly smiling and murmuring, "Gawd, how I loathe it!" he arranges four chairs and gives his imitation of Mrs. Fiske in a scene from "Leah Kleschna."

I can imagine him in his home, in his library, sitting alone at his desk trying to think of a rhyme for "Butterick." Suddenly he leaps to his feet. The time draws

near when, in ordinary circumstances, he would be at a party doing "Mrs. Fiske." With feverish and temperamental haste he arranges four chairs and goes to it. Then as the usual applause is lacking he comes to with a start and shudders. "Take it away—take it away!" The head of the tiger-skin rug grins up at him and seems to hiss, "Haunted!"

Then Will Irwin tells his famous story of the greatest newspaper break—the one about The Pope eloping with Lilian Russell,—and always puts it off as being some one else's story. But he cannot escape that way! By the immutable laws of the Parlor and the Banquet he is doomed to tell that story "till the sands of the desert grow cold!"

There are two distinguished entertainers who are more fortunate than the average Stuntite, inasmuch as they bear the burden of one story between them, one Haunt that does for two. They are Paul Armstrong and Lindsay Denison, and the Stunt is the story of "Pansy."

When Jim Barnes gets on his feet it is





OLD IRV COBB: "GIT HUNG, NIGGER—GIT HUNG!"



only to do "Fairfax, Fairfax County, Virginia."

Everybody knows that Safford will do the "Jabberwock."

If Tom Daly didn't do a wop poem they would feel outraged.

And if Old Irv Cobb, the Burnt Cork King, didn't tell that story about "Git hung, Nigger" they would mob him. Wildhack can't eat his banquet in peace till he has done "The Battle of Metz." Burgess Johnson would burst into tears if no one asked him to do "The Man With the Wooden Arm."

I think the Amalgamated Parlorites of American should in self-defense sometime give a dinner to themselves and do nothing but eat—not a thing!

But you might as well say to a morphiend, "Stop morphing instantly!" He couldn't do it. His will power is gone!

You who are the fathers of boys, think! Or, as Herbert Kaufman would say, "THINK!"

If you catch any of your young sons giving imitations of phonographs, cows,

sawmills, dogs five miles away, soda water entering a glass, cats fighting, young chickens, catching a bumble-bee, baby crying, or any imitation of anything animate or inanimate, don't laugh—do that which hurts you more than it does them, but not in the identical way! Do anything to head off, to discourage a tendency that if allowed to become a habit will bring only pain in the future!

If we but knew the inside story of the lives of these Human Sacrifices to the god of Ennui, these helpless prolongers of petering parties!

Many of them appear happy and normal, but under more than one gleaming shirt front their One Stunt is doing what that beastly fox did to that Spartan kid!

*(The author, with true author modesty, omits his own name from this list, where of course it belongs. No dinner is complete without Flagg's Instantaneous Caricatures Made While You Speech.—The Editor.)*

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*I Should Say So!*

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*“COME LIVE WITH ME AND  
BE MY COOK!”*

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## *I Should Say So!*

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*“Come Live With Me and  
Be My Cook!”*

“I’LL BET I can bag a cook, and bring it home to-day, at that!”

“Go to it, Billy!” smiles Polly, punching another pillow in the solar plexus and poking it behind her as she settled herself on the lounge.

“Smile on, woman, but I mean it! It’s arrant nonsense to say there isn’t such an animal.”

“I didn’t say so; I said I hadn’t found one yet!”

“You’ve been at it for eight days and we are still eating the messes that Great Auk sends in to us. I have said nothing.”

“Nothing!” snorts Friend Consort on the lounge. “You have made a noise like an outraged husband at every meal!”

“Well, be that as it isn’t, the time has come for action! I can no longer stand having burnt suspender-buttons called fried potatoes, nor yet can I with any degree of pleasure cut into an Indian basket filled with concrete because the Great Auk has broken a bottle of Burnett’s Vanilla Extract over its bows and murmured, ‘I christen thee Apple Pie!’ The crowning piece of wanton deception was this morning when I, in my trusting and fatuous innocence, thought she had sent in some brand-new chamois pen-wipers and was about to rise and lay them on the desk—”

“You refer to the griddle-cakes?”

“Aye, verily, none other! This ends to-day! I shall bring home and lay at your feet a regular cook! *Adios!*”

Billy knew that in order to get a cook one had to hike over to Fourth Avenue and look up the Swedish embassy or the Finnish legation. He soon came to one of them. There was a long line of limousines drawn up at the curb. Billy noticed that the chauffeurs were all looking anx-





THIS IS IT!' SMILED S. H. LUDWIG"



iously up at the doorway of the embassy.

From the expressions of those chauffeurs' faces he gathered that their employers had told them to wait within ear-shot, and if they heard the slightest report of a revolver to break in immediately!

Getting a cook was a more serious game than he had imagined!

He went up the steps with a manner of well-simulated confidence, and entered. Around the walls of the shabby-genteel office sat humble American ladies backed threateningly into corners and being menaced by the powers of Europe!

The ladies sat well back in their chairs, holding their muffs or bags up for protection. The foreign powers sat well forward, catechising and cross-examining their potential mi??tre??e?.

While waiting to be noticed, Billy stood fascinated, listening to scraps of interviews from all along the line.

“Well, sir?” A foreign gentleman with a remarkably square head, sitting at a desk, addressed him.

“I want to get a—a— Let's see—”

Billy could hardly tear his eyes away from one corner of the office where a rangy brute of a Norwegian laundress was giving a timid little lady from the Bronx a bad five minutes.

"Yes, sir!"

"Oh, yes, I am looking for a—what d'y' call 'em?—cook!"

"What wages will you pay, sir?"

"Thirty-five dollars. And I want a damn good cook at that!"

"You can't expect a first-class cook, of course, for those wages. Still, I think I have what you want." Square Head Ludwig disappears behind a partition. "Young and good-looking!" Billy yells after him.

S. H. Ludwig reenters, leading an Awful Retrospect in with him.

"What's this?" asks Billy.

"This is a nice young Danish cook!"

"She may be Danish, but I categorically deny that she is either nice or young, and I doubt her cooking! Take it back." Billy waved his hand.

S. H. Ludwig raises his wooden eyebrows and returns to the den with the



"HE IS SHOWN A STRING . . . ALL SIZES AND AGES"



nice young thing from Denmark. Billy can hear him arguing vehemently on the other side of the partition with some unseen female. He catches such phrases as, “Only two in the family,” and “Nice, easy” something—whether himself or his wife, Billy doesn’t catch.

Reenter Ludwig with another Terrible Blight, with a mustache no sophomore would need to be sensitive about, and circular earrings like sailors are supposed to wear, which have almost pulled themselves away through her ears.

“I am not engaging a company to play Macbeth or I would take her for one of the Witches of Endor! Where is the young Norwegian girl cooking-school graduate that you advertise?” Billy is getting a bit peeved.

“This is it!” smiles S. H. Ludwig, but waves her back.

Billy prays for self-control.

“You have the nerve to call that a young girl? That woman who was a grandmother when Charlemagne was in prep school! *Good morning!*”



Billy dashes out of the place and hunts up another one and enters. He is shown a string of cooks of all sizes and ages, as in the first place, and begins to have a nightmarish sort of feeling that he will have to, or at least in all decency ought to, marry one of them. He feels a little woozy with this parade of all the nations going on.

"For the love of entrées, bring in something that was born since Aaron Burr shot Hamilton W. Mabie! These Banshee harems are getting on my ganglionic nerve!"

Still another great-aunt of a viking is yanked before him.

By this time Billy feels that he is going daffy, and decides to give in to the sensation weakly.

He glares at the ancient stove-wrestler.

"So, my young Swedish flapper! Let's see your references!"

She fumbles in a bag and fishes out several dirty letters.

"Yes, yes; but where is your reference from Augustus Cæsar's wife recommending your rendition of Roman Punch?"



Ludwig brings in another, with a triumphant smile.

“There,” exclaims Billy, “this is something like! Why have you been hiding this Scandinavian Venus from me all this time?” Venus giggles, and looks down at her feet.

“Can you come right along with me now?” Billy grins delightedly.

“How many in fam’ly?” asks Venus.

“Oh, just two—myself, my wife and myself,” says Billy. “Come on!”

“Do I have to wash?”

“Well, really!—I shall leave that to your better and higher nature.”

Ludwig interprets. “She means, does she have to do any of the washing!”

“Oh, excuse me! I didn’t quite get you. No; everything of ours is sent out to the laundry.—Come ahead!”

“Do you have much company?”

Billy is beginning to realize that there is another side to acquiring a cook. “Come over here and sit down, and pour your little heart out to me.”

So he and Venus sit down, Billy looking anxiously at Venus.

"Now, do we have much company? Never! I detest company! We never have an outsider in the place!"

"That's too bad! I like to have company. I like to cook for dinner-parties."

Billy wilts, and mutters to himself, "Can you beat that! I could have sworn I was saying the right thing!"

"What I meant to say was that we are always giving dinner-parties. I thought you meant company, you know—just strangers off the street!"

"Do I have a room with another girl?"

"No, certainly not; you have a room all to yourself!" (There, I know that's right, all maids like rooms to themselves!)

"I not like that. I bane lonely!"

Suffering Crumpets! Couldn't he have guessed?

"How many in the kitchen?"

"Well, that depends; sometimes there are anywhere from three to ten. I've seen nine in there at once myself, including the night watchman, but—"

"How many servants?"

"Oh! Just two—yourself and a waitress."



"SHE'S LOOKING FOR A MAID HERSELF,"  
SMILES THE MAHOUT. 'THAT IS MISS VERA LIPSALVE  
OF THE WINTER GARDEN.'"



“Just one. I not take the place!” She bounces up and retires.

At the next embassy Billy was trying to describe the sort of a cook he wanted, and he suddenly grasped the mahout by the wrist and pointed rudely.

“There! the one with the black hat with the white feather duster on it! She looks like what I’d prefer to have around the house; bring her over; let me talk to her.”

“She’s looking for a maid herself,” smiles the mahout. “That is Miss Vera Lipsalve of the Winter Garden!”

Billy promptly has an attack of sun-stroke mixed with asthma and the pip!

“That’s where I ought to have blown in in the first place! Still, perhaps it is all for the best! Bring on some Awful Villagers!”

They have a little parade for him, and he wishes that some of them would carry torches and some come in on floats to vary the monotony. It has become second nature to him by this time to repeat mechanically to each one, “Two in the kitchen

two in the family no washing the cook has to wait on table twice every other week do you mind living in an apartment yes you have a room to yourself we have quite a little company can you make all kinds of hot breads pastry desserts and entrées thirty-five dollars!" After which he gasps, "Mmka!"

The ones that answer correctly and have no objections to anything at all are of course the ones he wouldn't consider at all.

As he said to the mahout, "As the cook will have to wait on the table twice every other week, she has to be able to pass things without sticking her stomach at you at the same time, if you know what I mean!"

By this time the afternoon sun is stepping over the Palisades, and Billy has had no lunch. He has been to every ignorance parlor on Fourth Avenue, and he feels as if he had been seeing Europe!

There are no more cooks to see! In the last place he entered all they could dig up was a general-housework girl who re-

fused to come with him because he said to her, “I see you’re Finnish!”

So when worn out and with a rotten headache he let himself into his home about six o’clock, of course Polly was waiting for him with a peculiar smile—a smile that combined affectionate sarcasm with a sort of motherly pity.

“Well?”

“Well what, dear?”

“Where’s the cook?”

“What cook?”

“The one you were going to lay at my feet, Billy dear!”

“Be sweet to me, kid!”





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*I Should Say So!*

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*THE CALL OF THE SEX*

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*THE CALL OF THE SEX* by  
*James Montgomery Chambers, illustrated*  
*by Howard Chandler Flagg, from THE*  
*AMERICAN MAGAZINE by permission.*

IT SEEMS incredible that The American Magazine, being a fifteen-cener, has so far failed to discover Sex. That it has refused to line up with the other three-nickel Home-Shockers on the Topic of the Hour is almost unbelievable. Now that all of our leading Mucks have been thoroughly raked one cannot see what will hold the public and get its fifteen cents a month out of it unless it be Sex. Of course in a year or two it may be Humor, or Religion, or Athletics, or Astronomy—but the latest thing is, no doubt, Sex. History has produced several instances where the influence of Sex might have been distinctly noticed even prior to that Edenic affair, but the thing has not had the popular attention it deserves until recently. Having the interests of this magazine at heart, I have persuaded the Old-Fashioned Editors to look the other way this month while I slip over a little Sex stuff in order to boost the circulation in Puritan circles. We magazine fellers don't know much about Art, but we know what They like!

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THE gripping fiction of James Montgomery Chambers needs no introduction to our 8,427,967 GUARANTEED readers. Here we have SEX, rampant, rampageous, quivering, yea, snorting. Who but this master of Sectional fiction could have conceived and executed this stupendous Story of Passion, abysmal, chaotic, typically American, yet virile. In this story we have exponents of two of our leading SEXES—the hairy, primeval Man-in-Khaki, the yielding yet submissive Woman. Before the reader's protruding eyes these two pawns of Destiny are hurtled pell-mell into a seething maelstrom of pulsing Passion. Go to it!

—The Editors.

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# *I Should Say So!*

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## *The Call of the Sex*

### CHAPTER I

THE ardent Cuban sun shone down through the pall of smokeless powder that floated over the soldiers of Weyler and Shafter. From the palm-clad hills, above the stricken valley, sounded the steady rasping bark of eight thousand merciless Krag-Jorgensens. Overhead could be heard the passionate shrieks of bullets tearing their way through the male and female eucalyptus trees.

The Americans had been momentarily repulsed.

Captain Cortlandt Schuyler, a descendant of a number of New York's most tiresome families (called by his regiment "The-Hairy-One" as a slight testimonial

to his extreme masculinity), was poking his sword impartially into the calves of the legs of his demoralized boys and cursing them into condition for the next attack on the Spanish blockhouse.

Schuyler needed no orders, nor did he wait for those he did not need. He knew all about War, as he had slept in Brooklyn for years and had an office in New York. It was Hell.

Had you asked him what Fear was, he would have looked at you in a dazed way, scratched his head and laughed foolishly, "Damfino."

Taking from his pocket a massive, solid-gold cigarette case—it had been a present to his great, great-grandfather, the Admiral, from the Maharajah of Poo—he drew out a gold-tipped cigarette, marked only with his initials and a simple coronet, and nonchalantly lighted it. Although a member of an old New York family, Schuyler knew instinctively that that was what a cigarette was for.

Now, flicking the ashes from the weed, he gave the order to advance on the

double-quick through the tangled Perfecto bushes toward the enemy.

The intrepid youngsters followed him as blithely as if headed toward the Polo Grounds instead of possible annihilation. What was good enough for The-Hairy-One was good enough for them.

At the head of his men he rushed down into the valley, followed closely by his kinsman, Lieutenant Murray Hill. But suddenly, as Captain Schuyler was in the very act of leaping over some dead Spaniards that had not been cleaned up after the last battle, Lieutenant Hill saw him stop and stiffen.

"For heaven's sake, Cort, are you hit?" cried the lieutenant.

"Hit?" repeated the captain, with a mysterious laugh. "Yes, Murray; but not in the way you mean! I can't go on! You must take my place, old man."

"What is it? Sunstroke?"

"No, no! I can't explain. It is a weird, imperative summons from over there—beyond—beyond . . ." He pointed waveringly in eight or nine directions.

Then, as his men swept by him in a cloud of dust, the captain wheeled dizzily to the left and staggered off into the jungle. As he disappeared, Lieutenant Hill, who stood frozen in amazement and horror, thought he heard a demoniacal laugh—a laugh such as is seldom heard outside the passionate pages of a Sex Story. But was it a laugh? Or was the cry of the amorous Panatella, circling high above?

## CHAPTER II

In one of the noisome hospital tents Nurse Van Lithe, with a pan full of sterilized instruments, stood at the surgeon's side. A young trooper was about to have his leg amputated at the wrist, and the beautiful and pure young nurse throbbed with deep yet perfectly proper sympathy. (But just you wait!) She was quite unconscious of the charms of her voluptuous figure as revealed by the alluring, low-necked pink chiffon nurse's uniform she wore, as prescribed by the army regulations. From somewhere outside on the





SHE SHRUGGED HER SHOULDERS PRETTILY  
AND MADE A CARMEN MOVEMENT AT HIM  
WITH HER HIPS.





terrace were wafted from the muted violins of the Hungarian orchestra the sensuous cadences of "Loin de Bal," intermingled with the overpowering scent of the passion flower.

The young but susceptible surgeon, Catesby Farquhar by name, was waiting for her to hand him his instruments. A strong sense of the strange fascination of this pure though chase-me-boys girl was upon him. He did not look at her, but he knew that her mane was tawny and curled in little watch-springs at the back of her neck; that her eyelashes made a slithering sound when she lowered them, slowly, like Venetian blinds; that she looked as if the blood of her face had all been squeezed down into her red lips, moist and luscious—those coral-colored invitations to forget your higher self. He knew but too well, poor wretch, that she was anything but helpful in the fever ward.

But Catesby had work to do—Man's Work. So he gritted his bridge-work and turned toward her with expectant, outstretched palm.

As he did so he was horrified at the girl's expression.

She was standing there in all her soul-withering voluptuousness with uplifted head and a look in her unseeing eyes of a blend of primordial passion, far-focused tenderness, unholy fanaticism 'with a dash of hypnotic hysteria! "My word!" murmured Catesby, "can this be she?"

The pan of instruments dropped from her nerveless though beautiful fingers.

"Are you sick?" Catesby's voice was hoarse with emotion.

"Never felt better in my life!" Miss Van Lithe smiled unsteadily at him.

This rather got his goat.

"Then pick up those instruments—"

I wish to remark at this juncture that as a surgeon young Catesby Farquhar was all to the Adhesive Plaster, but on the Virile, Red-Blooded, Carnal Man proposition he left large wads to be desired. At this crucial moment he allowed his professional instincts to dominate him, and completely forgot the alluring charms of Nurse Van Lithe. Of course the girl

didn't know she was seductive or anything, she was too pure to notice it anyhow. But there she stood with undulating and creamy skin gleaming wherever there wasn't any pink chiffon uniform. Her white, rounded arms, with the diamond bracelet pushed up as far as it would go, on her perfect forearm, with that gentle heaving of her super-wonderful—You see what I mean—he was a boob!

She gave him an enigmatical look and said, "Pick 'em up yourself—I'm off!"

"You're off! Where?" The much-lacking surgeon was dumbfounded.

"I don't know where I'm going but I'm on my way—*something* calls me—something from over there—beyond—beyond!" She pointed waveringly in eight or nine directions. She swayed a little, still smiling.

"Woman, are you crazy? Have you been hitting the wood-alcohol? Don't you know this poor fellow's life depends upon us?"

She shrugged her shoulders prettily and made a Carmen movement at him with

her hips, and glided from the tent like a panther.

### CHAPTER III

Stumbling crazily over the twisted vines and beating aside the affectionate tropical undergrowth, Captain Schuyler moved toward his unknown goal, humming, "Love Me and the World is Mine!" through his heavily scented blond mustache. He had forgotten everything, War, the United States, Duty, his pipe, his solid-gold cigarette case, the monograms on his shirt sleeves, indeed everything of any moment—except that he was a gentleman! He never could forget that under the most trying circumstances, thank you.

His only thought was that *something* called him! It was a command.

As he came to the end of the noxious jungle he spied *something* through the leaves—something that drew him convulsively, in jerks, suffocatingly, madly, joyously forward! He instinctively took a perfumed breath tablet as he galloped perspiringly toward his magnet.



THEY MET IN MID-AIR



He paused only a moment, to Blanco his white buckskin shoes from the little can he always carried with him in an embroidered satin bag. Noblesse Oblige! On again, though the thorns ripped his fair, boyishly white young flesh. He should worry!

Rushing bubblingly at him with a lovely feminine lope, unmindful of the sad havoc the briars were playing with her pink chiffon frock, which had been almost torn from her back in her passionate sprint, came Nurse Van Lithe! It was indeed none other! In all Cuba there was nothing like her—nay, in all fiction there was no chicken that had anything on her for pippinesqueness! Oh, Gosh! She was Ger-and!

He bounded over the last rubber plant on the edge of the clearing. She also, with the glad sweet cry of the homing pigeon, bounced steamingly at him.

“O Man-in-Khaki!” she cried.

They met in mid-air. That was some meeting! The Merrimac and the Monitor’s was an anemic affair alongside of it!



They landed on a soft rock, clasped in each other's arms, just as if they had been properly introduced.

And as they sat there, he holding her by her shell-like ears, the low, nauseatingly sweet moans of a Cuban love song was wafted toward them from a shepherd's hut near by, where some one played upon the sexaphone.



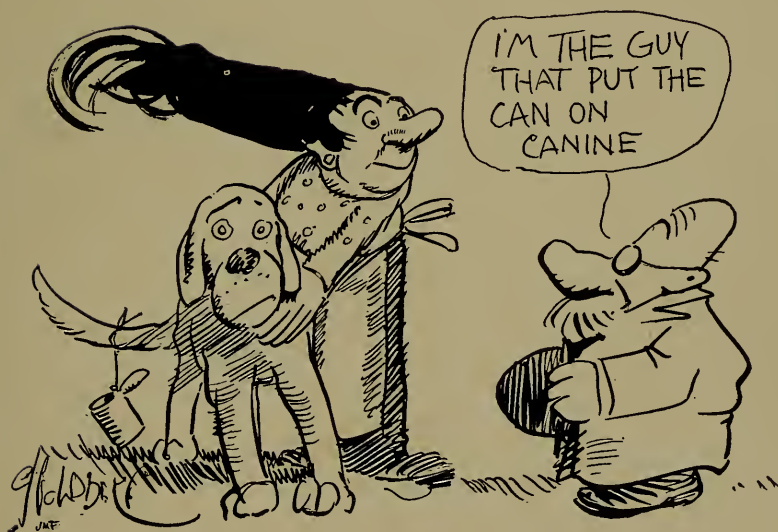
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*I Should Say So!*

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FROM GIBSON TO  
GOLDBERG

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GOLDBERG—THE GUY THAT PUT  
THE MERRY IN AMERICA



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# *I Should Say So!*

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## *From Gibson to Goldberg*

**I**N this Chapter I have imagined I am an Art Editor of a magazine—what temerity!—and have asked (?) several of our most popular illustrators to make a drawing expressing their idea of “Love Me—Love My Dog.” And here is what I also imagined would be the result.

*Note to the Illustrators.—Will you have the apologies sent to your homes or will you call for them?*





B. WENZELL'S MODELS HAVEN'T ANYTHING  
BT EVENING CLOTHES—POOR THINGS!







HOWARD CHANDLER CHRISTY'S HEROES SIMPLY LOVE  
TO SLIDE ON POLISHED FLOORS

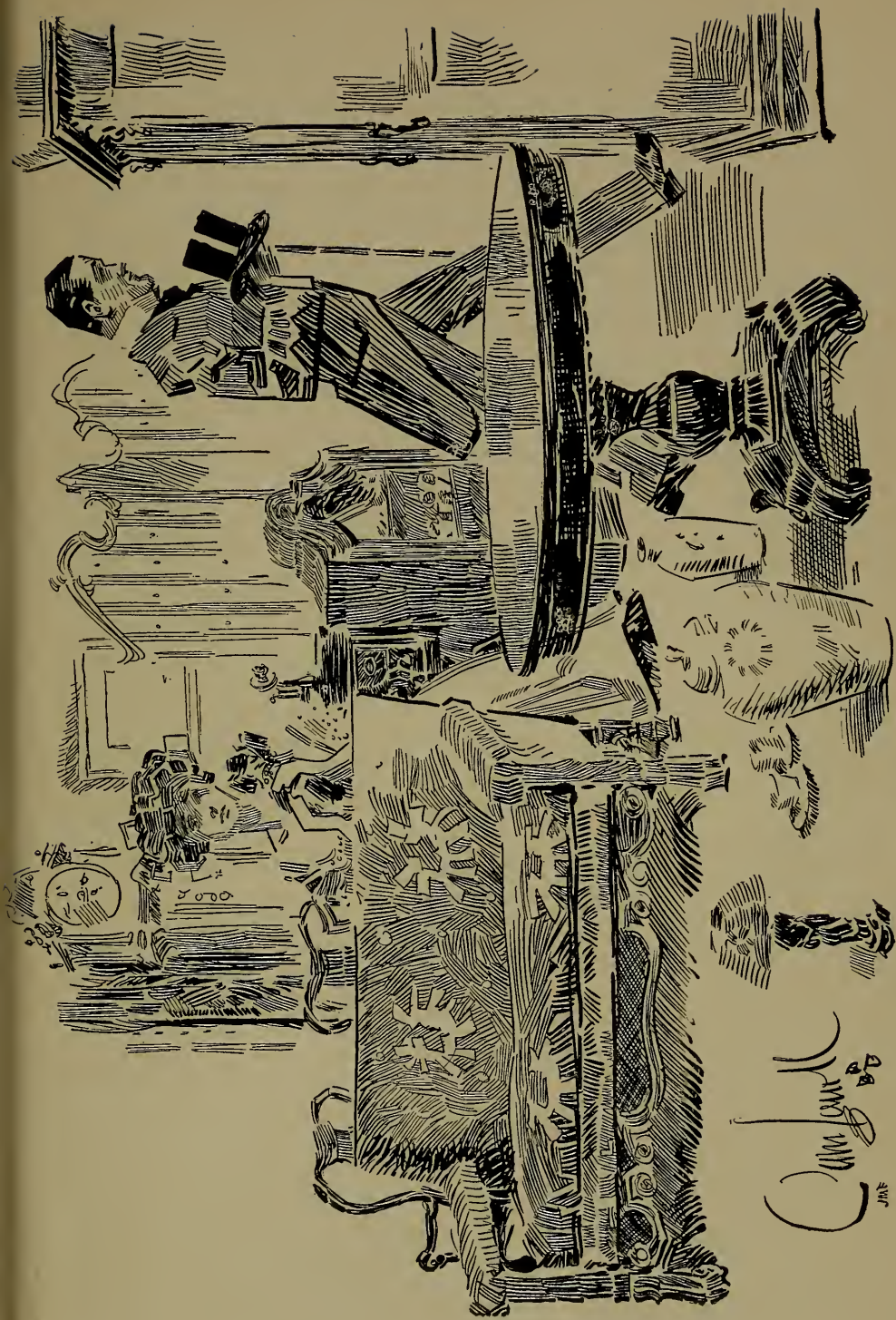






HARRISON FISHER KNOWS  
WHAT THE TIRED BUSINESS MAN LIKES





Orson Lowell  
JUNE

ORSON LOWELL IS REALLY IN THE FURNITURE BUSINESS







MAY WILSON PRESTON'S—IT LOOKS EASY, BUT ISN'T





C. D. GIBSON HAS A FOUNTAIN PEN—  
HENCE THE SHREDDED WHEAT EFFECT







MR. MORGAN GOES WITHOUT AN UMBRELLA  
WHEN IT'S RAINING INK

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